

FAMOUS

MONSTERS

**BEST
ISSUE
EVER!**



**35TH ANNIVERSARY
SPECT-ACK-ULAR!**

KELLY '93
FREAKS

FAMOUS MONSTERCON '93



This issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS is dedicated to one of the dearest monsters who has ever graced us with his presence on the silver screen- Vincent Price. Simultaneously, the entire 35th Anniversary Convention is dedicated to the same Nature's nobleman. Alas, Mr. Price was too ill at press time to favor us with a timely greeting, but we all know he is with us in spirit and his presence will permeate our halls at it does the pages of this, our 200th issue. God bless, St. Vincent, a prince of players and human beings.

WELCOME BACK, MONSTER LOVERS

OLE "UNCLE ACK" is back and on the track. I'm 76 now and full of the Spirit of 76. During a quarter of a century starting in 1948 I brought to you 190 issues of the world's first (and forrymost) filmmonster magazine, brought Halloween to kids of the country many times a year, and--what do you know?-- these kids grew up to be Steven Spielberg and Stephen King and George Lucas and John Landis and Joe Dante and Rick Baker (Monster Maker) and Bill Warren ("Keep Watching The Skies!") and Paul ("The Beast Within") Clemens and Mark ("Pumpkin Head", scripiter) Carducci and Brinke (Scream Queen) Stevens and--well, the list is endless but not listless. The Moral: If you're just getting your (webbed) feet wet in the wonderful world of unagi-movies, you may grow up to be the next Creature from the Black Lagoon-- or Swamp Thing!..if you allow me to be your mentor (short for tormentor).

If you're an oldtimer who grew up with FAMOUS MONSTERS (oh-oh you weren't supposed to grow up) you'll look back nostalgically through these pages at the Ghoulden Age of Monster Movies when there were giants on the screen--KARLOFF--LUGOSI--CHANEY SR. AND JR.--CARRADINE--RAINS--LORRE--FRYE--ATWILL--ZUCCO-- and new faces on the rise in filmland flemdom like VINCENT PRICE--PETER CUSHING--OLIVER REED--CHRISTOPHER LEE--ANGUS SCRIMM--DARTH VADER--ELVIRA--c.t.--al. (mustn't forget AL.) If you're new to it all--how I envy you for the years ahead of fears--with fun!--like a rollercoaster ride on the wild side.

Among the earlier readers of FMOF was a youngster named Ray Ferry and he is the reason you are holding this publication in your claws--and will be seeing further issues. Because he's one of the legion of fantasy film fans from yesteryear who's active in one form or another (but, werewolf, zombie) in today's imagination--in this case as the second publisher of the first fantasy-filmzine. He's agreed to give me my head (provided I don't lose it) to edit for you (mature adult or youthful newcomer) the most fascinating, fact and fun-filled, screamed-lined and stillustrated, Poe-pourri of amazing & macabre film material the world has ever seen. Not only in this world but several others. (We run rings around all genre magazines on Saturn.)

Let me put a little color in your cheeks. I think a good rich red would be advisable for starters--for 'the blood is the life, Mr. Renfield' as a certain Transylvania Count is famous for observing to his, er, flyboy. Let me entertain you--anything less would be --monstrous.

--THE ACKERMONSTER of LUGOSANGELES,
KARLOFFORNIA



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FAMOUS MONSTERS

NUMBER 201!

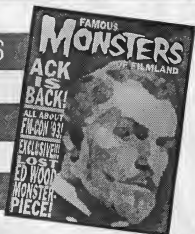
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Deepest thanks to Heidi for a decade of unfaltering
love, friendship, talent and support in every aspect of
my life.

To Gene, my comrad brother, for his never failing
friendship, talent and loyalty.

To FERRY, for welcoming me into his world with open
arms and offering me his unstinted friendship.

A special thanks to the most amazing men I have ever
known, my dad, Ralph FERRY, for instilling in me the
thirst to learn, helping me obtain the tools to try and
providing a solid foundation to support all my hare-
brained schemes.

Without these JETSETT four, none of this world have
materialized.

"Rats!...Rats!" said editor Ackerman
when he thought he wasn't going to be
featured on this issue's cover. He was
fit to be FRYE-d! But the Jukes on him
as Dean of SF Artists FRANK KELLY
FREAS depicts Mr. Monster as the
maniacal Mr. Renfield.



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We bring you good noose! Now stick your neck out
and request your favorite fiendish photos from Forry!

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Hey, kids! Loose change in your pockets weighing
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help unburden you! Books, videos, magazines, toys,
models, collectibles, even a bucket of bargains from
FJA's Garage Mahal (Son of Taj).

THE MAGAZINE MONSTERS BELIEVE IN



THE ENCHANTED FOREST

Forry Ackerman spoiled me. I was a bright-eyed boy of 5 when I saw **THE INVISIBLE BOY** and immediately adopted Robby as my pal. At 6, I saw **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** and I was hooked on fantasy...an embryonic mind awakening to worlds of wonder. Then, in 1960, lurking behind the cover of **FM #9**, Forry Ackerman called to me. Through him I got to know Ray Harryhausen and Ray Bradbury and Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi and strange new worlds of imagination. He knew about what I wanted to know about. He was fun. He was enchanting. In the 3 and a-half decades since then I've devoured thousands of excellent and informative articles, books and magazines, both pro and fan, covering sci-fi, fantasy and horror. A majority of these have been written by peers weaned on the teachings of our great Gothic guru. But something's been missing. There's just something about **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND**. And that something is Forry Ackerman. A Piped Piper with a typewriter, (nowadays, a computer). For all the bravos and boos, praises and pans, he sows the seeds of fascination for fantasy in his readers in a way that can't quite be equalled. Maybe we, in an attempt to contribute to our heritage, get too bogged down with details. Forry always kept it pure...unencumbered. As you flip through (or over!) these new pages, we hope you'll feel something akin to that special glow you felt each time you sallied forth to your neighborhood newsstand and discovered "Gosh! Gee! A NEW issue of **FM!**" (There never was a feeling quite like that). Now I know how special **FM** is to those of us who grew up with it in the 60's. But I've watched in amazement as 8, 9, 10 year old kids who are a bit "different" (like we were), kids who've never ever heard of **FM** or Forry Ackerman, flip through an issue, utterly enchanted and wanting more! (So, if you're an older reader be sure and get a copy for your favorite little monster, too.) Now, I know there are those who didn't care for the puns, who wanted **FM** to be a "serious" magazine. Well there must be something to its style 'cause 35 years later the flagship of fantasy mags is still **FM**. So, skip the captions, if you want. If you're like me, you'll find yourself studying each

photo... digesting each detail, caught in a web of intrigue that is uniquely Forry... uniquely **FM**. (We've recently unearthed over 3000 incredible negatives from Forry's collection, many of which he never published, and you'll be seeing these in future issues of **FM!**) Imagine my delight when, after a 10 year hiatus, he turned out page after page of vintage **FM**. (OK, OK, so I had to nudge him a little). I smiled. I was enchanted all over again. I've gotten to ghost write a bit here and there and now I find myself even writing like him. (Worse! I find myself **ENJOYING** writing like him!) Fact is, Forry's still a big kid with a contagious enthusiasm for monsters, science fiction, fantasy... In short-**IMAGINATION!** So while we all want to see a return of **FM**, maybe there's more. Maybe we need it to return. To keep us in focus with the simple pleasures of being a fantasy fan. So leave your wolfbane behind and take the path toward Vassaria. This issue (and the ones to follow) will again be your guide through the thickets of imagination. But don't look for a way out. After 33 years, if there's one thing I know, it's that there's no escape from the Enchanted Forest.

RAY FERRY
PUBLISHER
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND
WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



JAY PEARLMAN, AGE 11

CARIN' CARIN SPEARS FROM LARD OF PORK

My seventh year of life was an eventful one. Not only did I see Lugosi's "DRACULA", Karloff's "FRANKENSTEIN" and the German silent "NOSFERATU" on television, I also discovered **FAMOUS MONSTERS**. In many

WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



PENTHOUSE PET CHERYL RIXON

cities today, unfortunately, Golden age and even 1950's and 1960's films are disappearing from free TV and being replaced by slasher movies. Children whose families do not have cable or VCR's are being deprived of these classics and raised on the dreck. These are my picks for the best films of recent years, including two which are not as well-known as they ought to be. Science-Fiction "COCCOON" (1985). Wonderful acting and effects and with the best sci-fi gives equal weight to the human story involved. "HORROR DOLLS" (1986) stars Guy Wolfe. A Charles Band film, but not one of the "Puppet Masters" series. A variation of the travellers-stranded-in-the-old-house-with-strange-hosts theme, with great twists and effects. A little R-rated language but only from an unsympathetic character. Keep up the good work, Uncle Forry, and long live **FM**.

Pamela Carson
Portland OR

* Simple and sincere. Uncle Forry is simple and Pamela is sincere.

FROM A VETERAN OF THE EARLY DAYS OF **FM**
Please help. Since the demise of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** life has become

dull & boring. Just look at me! The enclosed photograph was taken of me only weeks after the last issue of FM hit the stands. What's a fella to do? Maybe if you dedicated this special issue to me once again (as you did twice in the past), I could start living again. Have a heart! (Thanks). At 76 it's good to have a spare handy).

GARY D. DORST
MADISON, WI

* No fun being a somnambulist? Don't let Cesare hear that or he might come after you from the Carbonate of Dr. Caligari and cthulhu you to deem!

WE SALUTE YOUR MOM AND GRANDPARENTS

I am willing to comment on the habit, among those of us who love horror, science-fiction and fantasy to "root for the monsters". It's funny how those outside the genres tend to root for the "good guys" when most of the time they are destroying something, hurting someone or otherwise bothering the monster who hasn't bothered them! Case in point: "THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON" You've got scientists with a dazzling find, a find that can give humankind a whole new perspective of evolution and history and all one of them can think of is killing the creature, making ename for himself and a lot of money. Well, we all know how that turned out the bad guy got his but the Creature went on to be hurt and exploited in two more movies! Moving on in time and to a slightly different twist, look at the "Terminator" movies. Remember how Arnold's character in the first movie was "bad" and "good" in the second? The switch worked wondrously with audiences because good people tend to root for good and that's how it usually should be. It didn't matter that he was still a Terminator—he'd switch sides. The audiences following along without question. Now take PREDATOR, for instance. (Arnie again!) I should have been rooting for the good guys but I loved the "Predator". Some of us didn't follow along—lovers of the genres dear to us tend to think for ourselves and make our own choices. This leads me to my point—sometimes the good monster is used as a punching or scapegoat and we like him. Sometimes the monster really is bad and dangerous and you have the thrill of good versus evil and that makes for exciting movie-going or reading or whatever. Or maybe you like the bad monster just because you do. Whichever you "root" for, they're meant to be enjoyed, not feared, as many censorship-starved people would have you believe. I was raised to "root" for the monster! My mom did it and my grandparents did it. I saw early on that monsters were good for you (Be sure you make yourself known to Terri Pinckard at the Con.) and people could learn a lot from them, be them real or imagined, bad or otherwise. In closing, I find it fitting to celebrate the 35th Anniversary of FAMOUS MONSTERS and I will continue—Rooting for the Ackemonster.

DANA MARTIN-LINGERFELT
CHATTANOOGA, TN

THE TERROR OF TRASHCAN HELL

Although many readers appreciated your editorial skills at the helm of FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine, I feel your greatest contribution to the fans of science-fiction and horror has been rescuing the props and costumes used in these classics film from trash can hell. I grew up with the misconception that these

items were treasured icons, displayed with honor in the Executive offices of major Hollywood studios. How shocked I was to learn, had it not been for your efforts, the space ships of George Pal or the monsters of Ray Harryhausen would no longer exist. With the dawning of sophisticated computer animation it becomes increasingly relevant for future aficionados of the genre to see in 3-dimension how these movies were made with 20th Century technology. Although, a disposable-minded movie industry had no thought of preserving film history, you are one of the great-est friends they have; alone-man "Fory-etonian Institute", if you will. FERRY FOR SAINT-HOOD! (or, at least a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame). (We couldn't agree more. But let's make sure it's a pentagram! -Pub.)

KEVIN PROVOST
RIDGEFIELD, NJ

* What? Me on the sidewalk on Hollywood Boulevard? What a Kool fan you are! Don't you think I've been stepped on enough already without inviting thousands to trample my name daily? Remember "Ferry's Folly"!

WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



DOUG WHITENACK

ACKERMAN FROM HEAVEN

Okay, I should give up but I can't resist trying "it one more time." Trying why? Well, having been an avid FMOF reader since issue #1, never over the ensuing decades of publication and countless letters sent by me to Fang mail, have I ever had the thrilling wonder of seeing one of them printed, of seeing "my name" printed within the hallowed printed walls. Do you know how frustrating it has been over all those years, ripping each new issue of FM off the newsstand shelf, tearing through the Fang Mail only to find continual bitter, dismal disappointment. What's a guy got to do anyway? Come on, already! And now this gift from the gods, Mantra from heaven; a never expected brand new 200th issue, a golden opportunity resurrected unexpectedly, offering one final time: my last chance! (What about 201--202--203, etc. yet to come?—Pub.) I'm beggin' ya! Nine out of ten of my psychologists agree my therapy could be considerably shortened should you comply. And I promise to put the gasoline can back down into the basement, Okay? There are a lot of "SWAT" members

outside who haven't had a home-cooked meal in weeks. The guy with the megaphone, poor Detective Gerald Gipper, can barely speak anymore, his throat is so ravaged and sore. What's that I hear? Oh, it's that detective again, joining my plea for publication. That's nice, but I can't quite make out what's he's saying. Something about "Doing one for the Gipper...."

TERRY ROARK
LANCASTER, PA

* Don't say I never gave you nuthin'—particular bad grammar.

VINDICATION

Here's is a sad letter for your files. About 30 years ago, at the age of 7, I discovered the series "Adventures of Superman". I fell in love with it. I watched it for about a month, then it was taken away from me by my parents, who are religious and who felt there was "no reason" for me to watch it. Five years after that I discovered "Dark Shadows", and fell madly in love with Bernabes the Vampire, Angelique the witch, Josette the sad-faced ghost, etc. I managed to watch it for six months, then had it taken away from me as my religious parents felt there was "no reason" for me to watch it. Hammer Films and Price/Poe would play Kingsway and Marlboro Theaters in Brooklyn where I grew up, but I was not allowed to see them, as there was "no reason" why I should when there were bible study classes to attend. I bought issues of FM, CoF, etc. I bought them with my own money, yet they were taken away from me. "You don't need them" I was told. I am now 37 years old. I've been on my own for nearly thirty years. I ran away from home at 17 and never went back, never regretted leaving. I stopped having contact of any kind with my parents in 1985. The last I heard, they have no idea why I won't speak to them. They are oblivious to the fact that it was cruel and hurtful to deny their child the right, privilege and pleasure of being a child. They had no idea what an unhappy child I was. But I am happy adult. Thanks to Cinemax, Home Video, the Sci-Fi Channel and stores like the "Forbidden Planet" here in New York I am able to enjoy the classics of AIP, Hammer, Amicus, & Universal. I can collect comics and magazines to my heart's content. I can finally enjoy the charm of "Dark Shadows" and "Superman" or the wonders of the "Twilight Zone". And I can network with others who share my interest. A few weeks ago the TNT Cable Network showed a wonderful fantasy film, ON BORROWED TIME. I had tried to watch it 25 years ago but my mother waked into the room and shut it off, saying "there is no reason to watch it." I never got to see it again until two weeks ago. That film is, in my mind, a symbol of what my childhood was and how important it is for parents to let their kids be themselves. In the 60s' during the height of the drug culture, I was addicted to "Dark Shadows" and "Karloff" films and had no interest in dropping acid. Yet my parents would not appreciate that. I cannot tell you how much I look forward to the FAMOUS MONSTERCON. Live long and prosper.

D.N.
NEW YORK CITY

Name protected by editorial discretion.

AN INCREDIBLE QUESTION

I am a 23 year-old college student who loves

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100.....



THE LOVE & LURE OF LUGOSI

Public vampire #1

The Terror of Transylvania, forever identified with the role of Count Dracula, in his prime stood an imposing six-foot-one with a trim figure weighing 178 lbs. in his stalking feet. Born in the shadow of the Carpathian mountains, he was the principal stakeholder in the First International Blood Bank. But

enough light-hearted reminiscence about Lugosi, he was a serious actor, frustrated that he was so typecast as a vampire or villain that he was rarely allowed to break out of the mold and display the wider range of thespianic accomplishments. He once played a mundane role with Garbo in *NINOTCHKA* and was cast in the comedy *INTERNATIONAL HOUSE* but aside from these rare deviations he was basically employed as a boogie-man.



That's not a Barbie doll that Bela is carving. He's, er, waxing enthusiastic about the voodoo use he's going to make of the completed product in **WHITE ZOMBIE**.

A tense moment in the sinister serial **THE WHISPERING SHADOW**

but what a boogie-man!

How much poorer the pantheon of horror figures would have been had not Bela mesmerized us with his weirdly accented Hungarian intonations.

"I am Dracula. I bid you.... welcome."

"Dah spy-ter spinning his veb for dah unvehry fly. Dah blood is dah life, Mister Renfielt."

"I never drink...wine."

"Listen to dem--shildren of dah night--what music dey make!"

Dialog forever etched into the memories of anyone who has heard them even a single time.

dialogue diabolique

In **THE INVISIBLE RAY**, he is asked what happens if the now super-charged Karloff should touch anyone. A slight hesitation and then, "Uh, dey die". He and Karloff shared half a dozen memorable moments together.

"Poe--you are avenged!" Crackling maniacally in **THE RAVEN**.

Gloatingly, leeringly, sadistically informing a horrified Karloff that he is going to skin him alive in **THE BLACK CAT**.

"Let me out!"--Pounding helplessly on the locked door of the closet in **BLACK FRIDAY**, not acting but actually hypnotized by the metaphysician Manly P. Hall, the man who would one day perform the wedding ceremony for Lugosi and his fifth and final wife, Hope Lininger. (Could Bela ever in his wildest dreams have imagined that after his death his widow would devote herself to the lepers on the colony of Molokai in the Hawaiian islands?)



Publicity still of Bela in his second greatest role-- as the broken-necked Ygor in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN. The characterization was all Bela. Another unforgettable makeup by Jack Pierce.





Terror Team #1 in their time, Lugosi and Karloff in THE RAVEN.

Bela Lugosi, Jr., visits proud papa on the set of FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN.



nights of terror

A night at a theater with Bela Lugosi on the screen was always a guarantee of the usual ho-cus po-cus, which in fact was the title of one of his many films. In it he portrayed a turbaned Hindu name Degar. A friend who kills without warning and leaves newspaper clippings on the body of his dead victims has been alarmingly active in the vicinity of a Prof. Reinhart. When the professor meets an untimely death the probing of his will reveals that 5 persons are to benefit from his demise-among them, his servant Bela. Reinhart's nephew, a scientist, conducts an experiment in which he is to be buried for several hours, and while he is in a coffin more people are mysteriously slain and the professor's ward is kidnapped. In the end the dead killer revives and pleads with the audience not to spoil the surprise for further patrons of the picture. All this took place exactly 60 years ago.

the man who rue'd the morgue

"I am Dr. Mirakle and I am not a sideshow charlatan. So if you're looking for the usual ho-cus po-cus, just go to the box office and get your money back." Thus spoke Bela in the 1932 version of Edgar Allan Poe's famous detective mystery, MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE. But Bela buffs never went to the box office to get their money back; time and again he gave them their money's worth. Another example would be WHITE ZOMBIE. The word "zombie" had been unheard upon the screen until Lugosi made it as familiar as Mom and apple-pie, playing menacing "Murder" Legendre in the cinemadaption of William Seabrook's best selling nonfiction work, "Magic Island". Up until recently the young actress he turned into a white zombie (the rest were native blacks) was alive and well and to be seen participating in New Years Day parties at the home of director David (MAD-MEN OF MANDORAS) Bradley. She was the late Midge Bellamy. Zombie makeup by the Wizard of Gauze (he turned Karloff into a living MUMMY with yards of cloth), Jack Pierce:

in the footsteps of frankenstein

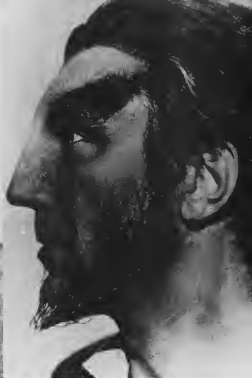
Bela turned down the opportunity in 1931 to play the role of the Frankenstein monster because he had no lines to speak. Ironically, in his last part in THE BLACK SLEEP, 1956 (re-leased after his death as DR. CADMAN'S SECRET), he appeared as a mute butler in the company of horror greets Lon Chaney Jr., Basil Rathbone and John Carradine. In SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, 1939, he distinguished himself as Ygor, the hanged shepherd who survived with a broken neck. ("Dey hanged me, Frankenshtein. Dey broke my neck because I stole bodies. Uh, dey said...") and in 1943, made up by Jack Pierce, he became the dead-alive monster in Curt Siodmak's famous screenplay, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN.

master of the manimals

On THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, as leader of the artificially evolved beasts, he defied the sadistic experimenter Dr. Moreau (Charles Laughton). "Are we not men? Not to eat meat, that is the Law! Not to walk



Bela strikes a powerful pose as the would-be Ruler of the World in CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN.



(right) Preliminary makeup for Lugosi as the Leader of the Manimals on the ISLAND OF LOST SOULS and (left) the final concept for his role as the doomed beastman.

on all fours--that is the Law! Not to spill blood--that is the Law!" And the Sayer of the Law led all the other manimals when they revolted against the Law(ton) maker and dragged him, screaming, to the House of Pain. Prime Lugosi.

many harpy returns

Bela was always coming back. THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE...THE RETURN OF THE APE MAN...THE RETURN OF CHANDU serial--after magnificently portraying Roxor, would-be ruler of the world via the photogenic deathray created by the Wizard of the Lightning, Kenneth "Elec-Strick" Strickfaden, in the original CHANDU, THE MAGICIAN.

mystery titles

A film wondered about for years was LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS. In the end it turned out to be a compilation of Lugosi films never seen in America but only released throughout the United Kingdom. THE UNDEAD MASSES or GHOULS OF THE MOON were titles of a film Ed Wood Jr. aspired to make with Bela before Lugosi's passing. He did succeed in casting him

in PLAN NINE FROM OUTER SPACE and the variously named GLEN OR GLENDA?, TRANSVESTITE or I LED TWO LIVES.

date with prince sirki

The newspapers reported that he was 73 at the time of his death. 101 friends attended his funeral, including the Gentle Giant Tor Johnson (bawling like a baby), Lugosi's son (Bela G. Lugosi is a prominent lawyer in Los Angeles), Manly P. Hall, Zoltan Korda (brother of Alexander, producer of HG Wells' MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES), Bela's acolyte Richard Sheffield, and yours truly, Forry Ackerman. Lugosi looked magnificent as he lay in state, clad in one of his three Dracula capes, wearing his Dracula medallion. There is no truth to the rumors that Peter Lorre attended his funeral or that Boris Karloff was so gauche (totally out of character) as to bend over Bela's body and whisper, "Come now, Bela, you're putting us on! Get out of there!"

He is buried in Holy Cross cemetery in Inglewood, California, on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Thirty-seven years after his death he is far from forgotten; fans from around the country visiting Los Angeles regularly pay homage at his gravesite. It is problematical if Bing Crosby there gets as much attention.

Lugosi--the Unforgotten King.



Autografoto of Lugosi as the caped gruesader in RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE.
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



King KARLOFF

monarch of the macabre

terrifying transformation

TAKE OFF THE MASK from the monster, remove the bolts from Frankenstein's neck, give the claws a manicure and what do you have—William Henry Pratt, as mild and gentle-mannered as any gentleman who ever walked this earth.

But let Jack Pierce transform him into a thing that had never lived, a body "taken from the graves, the gallows--anywhere" or a mummy dead 3700 years in

the sands of ancient Egypt and returned to life by recitation from the Scroll of Thoth---or a scarred, hulking, deaf-mute butler in an OLD DARK HOUSE...or a bandy-legged bald-headed beholder known as Mord The Merciless, the terror of the TOWER OF LONDON...or cast him as the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu, intent on ruling the world...or the living dead man scaring the living daylight out of his enemy in THE GHOUL--metamorphose into a monster and he became Boris Karloff, the actor who mesmerized millions with his mellifluous voice and macabre mannerisms.



Boris admonishes King Kong, Jr. "Don't you try to make a monkey out of me or I'll put you behind the ape ball." **THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN** also known as **THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND** and **DR. MANIAC**. He gave young actress Anna Leeway in this one.

Fans were lucky that he proved to be **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG**.



triple threat

Three times did he portray the nightmarish creation of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly: **FRANKENSTEIN**. In 1931 he sent audiences into paroxysms in his first appearance as Dr. Henry Frankenstein's cadaverous creation with the (inadvertent) criminal brain. Four years later, his face scarred by the fire in the old mill, he was back, seeking a bride and, no longer mute, declared, when she spurned his advances "We belong Dead!"

He made his final appearance as the monster (with the exception of a brief reprise years later in the "Lizard's Leg and Owlet's Wing" episode of TV's "Route 66") in 1939 with **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

approximately 150 films

From his first appearance as a bandit in 1919 in **HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN** till his final 4 films in 1969, his career spanned half a century. Last year's **LAST OF THE MOHICANS** was not the first time the famous James Fenimore Cooper novel was filmed and Karloff was in the silent 1920 version. He portrayed a Caligari-like mesmerist named Chadwick in **THE BELLS** of 1926 and the following year a Waziri chief in Edgar Rice Burroughs' **TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION**. In 1929 he made his first talkie as a Hindu servant in the **UNHOLY NIGHT**. In 1931 he hit it big with no less than 15 films under his belt, including John (Jekyll/Hyde) Barrymore's **THE MAD GENIUS** and the classic that would skyrocket him to enduring fame: **FRANKENSTEIN**.

whale of a good picture

Canny director James Whale (one might almost say uncanny) was inspired to prolong the suspense of the first appearance of the Frankenstein monster by having Boris Karloff slowly open the door to Colin Clive's Laboratory and entering in backwards, the great awkward man-made monster, an automaton of terror, slow as a zombie turning to reveal its shocking face and form to transfixed audiences. My own reaction as a 15 year old boy? Across a gulf of more than 60 years, I believe I was probably gripped silently with an inner delight as my sense-of-wonder nerves were stimulated by the unnerving sight before me!

hip hip hooray for Ardath Bey

The next year Karloff would immortalize the dual roles of Im-ho-tep and Ardath Bey in the **MUMMY**, make a further mark in the classic **SCARFACE** as a gangster cohort of future Oscar-winner Paul Muni, score as Morgan the menacing mute in **THE OLD DARK HOUSE** (Inhabited by Raymond Massey, Charles Laughton, Gloria Stuart and Ernest Thesiger) and threaten the world in **THE MASK OF FU MANCHU**:

in '33 a jewel

And the jewel was **THE GHOUL**. Although he made but a single film in that year 60 years ago, it was one of the all time best as Prof. Morlant, returned from the



This guy looks MORDIFIED that Karioff has caught him in the TOWER OF LONDON.
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Ygor (bearded Bela Lugosi with the broken neck) looks after his friend "Sleeping Beauty" in **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**.



THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES knows a warm glass of milk does a body good.

tomb to wreak vengeance on Ernest Theisger, the man who would build him a bride two years later. Lost for years, this British horror film finally surfaced in, of all places, what is now the new Czech Republic. So there is still hope that Lon Chaney's **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT** may turn up somewhere in the world-Liechtenstein? Andora? Iceland?

four in '34

And the best of the lot was one never to be forgot... The **BLACK CAT** with John Carradine in a bit part at an organ during a Black Mass, and Bela Lugosi at his leering best, about to flay the living flesh from Boris' body. Incidentally, any time you are in southern Karloffornia and visit me in the Ackermansion, I'll show you my greatest prop: two blocks up from me a Frank Lloyd Wright piece of classic architecture in which parts of **THE BLACK CAT** were filmed.

uncle forry's uncle carl

Of course I wasn't old enough in 1935 (18) to be "uncle" to a couple of generations of imagi-movie fans but Carl Laemmle Sr., President of Universal Studios, had for years been affectionately referred to as Uncle Carl.

And, bless his heart, in 1935 he arranged an invitation for me to visit and view a preview, in a private

THE GHOUL is gonna get you if you don't watch out!





A dashing young Boris in the 1940's

Boris as Ardash Bey In *THE MUMMY*



projection room, of *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Like the long-lamented Spider Scene in *KING KONG* there were scenes in their original that were seen in mass release, particularly a subplot featuring a lot of Dwight Frye. After the showing, as I was walking towards the receptionist's desk to relinquish my pass, I had a thrill supreme: Colin Clive walked past me! In my mind's eye I can see his tall gaunt figure to this day.

the son sets

Four years following the *BRIDE* the final Frankenstein film with Boris as the monster was made. It was an occasion for all the members, who could, of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (founded in 1934) to congregate downtown for the morning matinee premiere of *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

It is possible that a young Ray Bradbury, that eventful day in 1939, sat in the same row next to me. Henry Kuttner could have been in the theater too--the author of *THE TWONKY*, adapted for the screen by Arch (Lights Out) Oboler 40 years ago from the pages of *Asounding*. We loved it. I was 22 then and this was the year that I would attend the First World Science Fiction Convention.

the best of boris

Time marched on and dear Boris gave us one memorable performance after another. He was doomed Janos Rukb opposite Bela Lugosi, destined to become a human torch in *THE INVISIBLE RAY*... the man who lived again in *THE WALKING DEAD*... *THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN* (!) with Anna Lee, the darling matriarch of the long running soap opera *General Hospital* who last January, shortly after her 80th birthday, received her star on the boulevard of Hollywood's Walk Of Fame (right next to Elvis Presley!!!). Among those present to congratulate Anna were 80 year old Cesar Romero (of *THE LOST CONTINENT* with Aquanette the Jungle Woman) and her daughter, who appeared with Christopher Lee in *HORROR HOTEL*, and Lincoln Bond, who debuted in *MY LOVELY MONSTER*. But back to Boris:

He was *THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG* and *THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES* and *THE BODY SNATCHER* and the malicious Master Simms, martinet of the asylum for the insane known as *BEDLAM*, where (what a villain) he mistreated and terrorized Anna Lee! In *THE DEVIL COMMANDS*, cinemadapted from the pages of William Sloane's classic science fiction novel! "The Edge of Running Water", he attempted to bridge the gap, between the land of the living and the astral plane of the dead. In 1945 we were glad to welcome back into the *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, even if not in the role of the monster. In the second film titled *THE RAVEN* (not based on Edgar Allan's poem) he revealed a marvelous comic streak in the company of Peter Lorre and Vincent Price.

right on target

After a long and lustrous career he was ideally cast as an aging horror star (although he always preferred the term "terror" to "horror") in *TARGETS*. In one take he did a definitive recitation of a famous poem:



His Guests turned white when they met the owner of THE BLACK CAT
Editor Ackerman visits Karloff on the set of one the King's final 4 films.





He invited Claude Rains over to see his **INVISIBLE RAY**

"Appointment in Sumatra". He made a few films afterwards--mainly four Meximovies--but **TARGETS** was really his swan song and an ideal way to be remembered at the close of his career. **TARGETS** was to Karloff as **EDWARD SCISSORHANDS** to Price.

the man without an ego

Bela Lugosi had a king size ego but Boris Karloff seemed disinterested in keepsakes, mementoes, trophies, etc. I had hoped when I had visited him in his London apartment in 1965 to see scrapbooks galore, rare photos, awards, etc., but there was nothing of his past accomplishments on display. It might almost be said of Karloff, as it was said of Chaney, that "between pictures there is no Karloff".

the return of frankenstein

After Boris Karloff died I had only 2 frantic weeks before flying to Rio de Janeiro to participate in the Science Fiction & Literature Symposium with Fritz Lang, A. E. van Vogt, Robert Bloch, Robert Heinlein, Yvette Mimieux, George Pal and numerous other genre celebrities-- only 14 days to produce a 191 page stillustrated pocketbook called **THE FRANKENS-SCIENCE MONSTER**. It has long been out of print and there have been so many requests for it by a new generation of Karloff fans that I plan, perhaps before this year is through, to reissue it with new material in a larger format similar to this publication, with plenty of stills. I hope you'll want a copy.

The masterpiece of makeup born of the
1931 Jack Pierce - Boris the Benign
collaboration FRANKENSTEIN.





THE ONE MAN MONSTER SHOW

Shades of Dracu-Lon! Chaney as the ghoul from the lost 1927 film **LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**. As the greatest character actor of his day he was Universal's first pick for the role of **DRACULA** (with Conrad Veidt a close second). **L.A.M.** was later remade by Ted Browning as **THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE** with Bela Lugosi once again behind the cape-ball.

LEONIDES CHANEY--better known as Lon, "The Man of a Thousand Faces"--was the supreme character actor of the silent screen, the star who assumed so many identities that an inspired publicist created the legendary slogan, "Don't step on it!--It may be Lon Chaney." We celebrate him to this day. Had he not passed away that black day of August 28th, 1930, his voice stilled forever as his deaf-mute parents' voices had been before him, in a parallel world it is highly probable there would never have been a Bela Lugosi or Boris Karloff or Peter Lorre



THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME motions to his tormentors as he awaits sentence upon the Wheel of Pain

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Chaney as the ape-man of **A BLIND BARGAIN**



Crippled, but not handicapped, in **THE PENALTY**

or Claude Rains as we knew them but instead, role by role, Lon Chaney would have enriched his legacy of macabre characterizations by portraying Dracula, the Frankenstein monster, the maniacal surgeon of **MAD LOVE**, yes, even the Invisible Man. In fact, Universal was inclined not to make **DRACULA** once they learned Lon would not be able to play the part, so sure were they that he, alone, could make the role believable. It makes for fascinating speculation how he might have interpreted such roles and, in future issues of **FM**, we'll transport you into a **Mirage World** and show you how Lon Chaney might have looked had he played Frankenstein, the Werewolf of London and other familiar imagi-movie characters.

an echo from the past

I said a few moments ago that Lon's voice was stilled forever on that fateful day in 1930...but fortunately we have a record of it in the talking remake of Tod Browning's **THE UNHOLY THREE**. As Prof. Echo, the sideshow ventriloquist with a criminal twist to his personality, he sums up his philosophy of life with the wistful closing statement, "That's all there is to life, folks—a little laugh, a little tear."

earth's lucky day

Born on April first, 1883, Leonides Chaney was no April fool. Twenty years ago his legend was still alive and as Master of Ceremonies at the stroke of midnight on what would have been his 90th birthday I led a

The man of makeup miracles played a phoney cripple in **THE MIRACLE MAN**





The Treasure of TREASURE ISLAND



The maniacal Dr. Zerkow in THE MONSTER.

Hollywood theaterful of fans in a standing ovation singing "Happy Birthday, Dear Phantom." A number of his grandchildren and great grandchildren were in the audience, together with celebrities like Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Brian Forbes (co-sponsor of the celebration and publisher of "Lon of 1000 Faces!"), Verne Langdon at the organ (creator of the album "The Phantom of the Organ" and the last man to make up Boris Karloff), Wendayne "Rocket to the Rue Morgue" Wahrman (Mrs. Ackerman), a prominent local television newscaster, Dr. Donald A. Reed (founder of the Count Dracula Society) and many others. In the 43 too short years of his life the honoree had appeared in approximately 190 films! We are more fortunate today than when I was a kid for back then, once seen a film was gone forever with the rare exception of a revival. I didn't see THE MIRACLE MAN originally but some years later it was re-released one Saturday afternoon at a theater at a beach near me and I eagerly attended the matinee, having been familiar with his magic presence in THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE MONSTER, MR. WU, THE UNKNOWN (with a young "Mommy Dearest", Joan Crawford), LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH (with Loretta Young--never dreaming that when I grew up I would sit behind her in a theater scene in her Award-winning FARMER'S DAUGHTER), HE WHO GETS SLAPPED, the silent UNHOLY THREE and yes, the legendary lost LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT. I saw him perform the incredible act as a contorted cripple "cured" by a religious "miracle".

Today, through the miracle of video cassettes the man of a thousand faces can come right into one's home and though his remains lie in an unmarked crypt (at his request) in the FOREST LAWN CEMETERY, Glendale, California, he can perform his artistry on television screens in some of his best-known films plus a small number of his lesser known ones such as THE SHOCK, BY THE SUN'S RAYS and THE OUBLIETTE. Most dreamed-of discoveries are prints of LONDON AFTER DARK, WHILE PARIS SLEEPS and A BLIND BARGAIN. It has been reported from time to time that the latter film was also released under the title of the book by Barry Pain, THE OCTAVE OF CLAUDIUS, although no collector, my self included



As a grandmother in **THE UNHOLY THREE**--Lon's first and only talkie.
Did ya hear the one about **THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER**? No? Then read the preceding page!





A new twist for Lon in **OLIVER TWIST**

"In between pictures there is no Lon Chaney" said this mild-looking individual born Leonides G. Chaney.



has seen a still or a poster with this variant title on it, while stills and posters from it under the other titles are relatively common.

memorable roles

If you're new to Chaney (younger readers would be more familiar with the late **LON CHANEY JR.**, nee Creighton Tull Chaney, best-remembered as the ill-fated lycantrope known as Larry Talbot, the Wolf Man)—if you are not too familiar with some of the roles on which Lon Sr.'s reputation rest, assuming you've seen him as Erik, The Phantom of the Opera and as Quasimodo, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, let me describe to you some of his other memorable performances:

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY. This is a film which in all innocence I reported in one of the earlier issues of **FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND** 35 years ago that he had achieved the effect of one dead eye as Singapore Joe by coating his eye with collodion (!). Believe me, if he had coated one eye with collodion he would have a permanent blind eye! The culprit for this infamous and dangerous information can be traced to the pages of a 1926 edition of Motion Picture Magazine where it was fictitiously reported that he had contacted a number of eye specialists who advised him he could achieve the desired effect by covering his eyeball with a film of collodion. To compound the error it was reported that he could only keep the collodion in his eye for ten minutes -- a world record worthy of recording in the Guinness Book of World Records, for a split second would be too long. Films in Review repeated the erroneous information in 1953 and I (you should excuse the expression) blindly gave legs to the legend about a dozen years later. I have overlooked no occasion in the intervening years to try to set the record straight. It is now believed he either covered his eye with a thin layer of egg white or wore a primitive form of contact lens, as Christopher Lee would bloodsotly do years later in his "colorful" interpretations of Dracula.

In **WEST OF ZANZIBAR** he was seen as Dead Legs Flint, a former stage magician paralyzed by the man who stole his wife, becoming a vengeful Nemesis of the villain and winding up as the ruler of a tribe of savage natives in the wilds of an African Jungle, plotting to, wreak a monstrous vengeance on the wife stealer.

In **MR. WU**, one of his oriental characterizations (**SHADOWS**, **OUTSIDE THE LAW**, **BITS OF LIFE**) he hit a new high by playing three roles. The Son of a Mandarin, the father and the grandfather, a wizened figure with a wrinkled parchment face appearing to be about 100 years old.

In **THE UNKNOWN** his character went so far as to amputate his arms believing in this manner he would win the love of Joan Crawford, who had an aversion to being pawed by men, only to have his sacrifice backfire on him. Norman Kerry, the matinee idol who loved the actress (**MARY PHILBIN**) Lon coveted in the "Phantom of the Opera", once again wound up with the leading lady.

Joan Crawford said of Lon Chaney "he was the most intense and exciting individual I had ever met. A man mesmerized into his parts. When he worked it was as if God were working, he had such an intense concentration. His complete absorption filled me and my co-workers with such awe that we never even considered addressing him with the usual pleasantries until he became aware of and addressed us."

Of himself he said, "In between pictures there is no Lon Chaney".

Erik drives off to escape the angry mob in the dramatic conclusion of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.



SON OF MISTER MONSTER

Even a man who is pure in
heart may play many
another part

Lon Chaney, Jr. in his most famous horror role--as the ill-fated Lawrence Talbot--THE WOLF MAN, created by Curt Siodmak.





Things are looking dark for those who meet up with Lon, Jr. in **THE BLACK CASTLE**
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Larry Talbot, wanting to get the most from his monster-medical pian, tells Dr. (Boris) Neiman—"I gave you the Frankenstein records. Now operate on me!" in **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN**.

all the great monsters roles

LON CHANEY JR. played heavies in the 1930s, notably **THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM**, then made his first full-length imagi-movie in 1940 as the ousted leader of the caveman tribe in **ONE MILLION B.C.** He appeared with Peter Lorre in **MR. MOTO'S GAMBLE**, became the **MAN MADE MONSTER**, followed in the footsteps of Boris Karloff as **The GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN** and as the Mummy in **THE MUMMY'S CURSE**. He assumed the mantle of Bela Lugosi as Count Alucard in **SON OF DRACULA**.

He established Curt Siodmak's character of Larry Talbot, the **WOLF MAN**, as uniquely his. He reprised the role in **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**, **HOUSE OF DRACULA**, **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** and **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**. (Actually, he did play the Frankenstein monster for one uncredited scene in **A & C MEET FRANKENSTEIN**--that's Lon you see throwing Sandra through the lab skylight at the end of the film doubling for Glenn Strange who had sprained his ankle before filming.) Among the most notable of nightmare actors--Karloff, Lugosi, Rains, Lorre, Price, he has the unique distinction of being the only one to play each of the most (in)famous characters. He appeared in a variety of horror and sci-fi film such as **WEIRD WOMAN** (an adaptation of the late Fritz Leiber's story from the pages of *Unknown* magazine "Conjure Wife"), **CALLING DOCTOR DEATH**, **COBRA WOMAN**, **THE GHOST CATCHERS**, **THE FROZEN GHOST**, **STRANGE CONFESSION**, **PILLOW OF DEATH**,

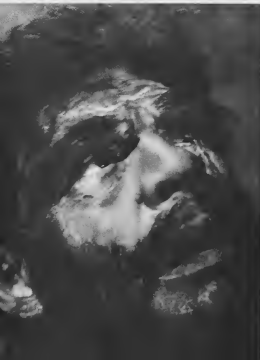
50 years ago Lon, Jr. drew his weapon as Hava, the tongueless Captain of the Guards, in **COBRA WOMAN**.





Count Alucard gets in a few push-ups, then it's off to stalk in **SON OF DRACULA**

Lon, Jr. as he would have appeared if the Makeup Union hadn't interfered. His own personal concept of Akhoba of the Rock Tribe



HOUSE OF DRACULA, BRIDE OF THE GORILLA, THE BLACK CASTLE, MANFISH, THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN, THE CYCLOPS, THE ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, HAUNTED HOUSE, WITCHCRAFT, HOUSE OF BLACK DEATH, SPIDER BABY, DRACULA VS FRANKENSTEIN (withyours truly, Ack the Ribber, as bad Dr. Beaumont) and the multi-monster cast of THE BLACK SLEEP including Bela Lugosi, Basil Rathbone, John Carradine, Tor Johnson and Akim Tamiroff.

He went South of the Border late in his career (as did John Carradine) to haunt the HOUSE OF TERROR in Mexico.

He played the Frankenstein Monster in a Tales of Tomorrow television adaption of teenage Mary Shelley's immortal novel and reprised his father's role of Quasimodo, as well as Kharis the Mummy (along with Boris Karloff once again in makeup as the Frankenstein monster and Peter Lorre as--- well, Peter Lorre!) in a TV tour-de-farce special on the Route 66 episode "Lizard's Leg and Owllet's Wing".

before the curtain comes down

In the non-genre classic OF MICE AND MEN he distinguished himself with his (Acadamy Award winning) role of the simple minded Lenny, a reprise of which, in person at a meeting of the Count Dracula Society honoring him, caused the audience to be reduced to tears.

Unlike his father, he played the majority of his roles without the benefit of horror makeup.

His huge frame whacked by a number of ailments, his eyes dimming with cataracts, he went to meet Prince Sirki and joined his dad 20 years ago in July 1973. Fittingly, on Friday the 13th.



Lon, Jr. in Studio Makeup as the Caveman Chieftain ONE MILLION B.C. (Before Chaney).

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

SON OF KONG

By Weaver Wright

NO, this is not an article about the King of Skull Island and his offspring, Kiko--"Little Kong". (In SON OF KONG, the sequel to KING KONG, there is a line that never fails to get a laugh. When one of the characters informs another that a white-furred little offspring of the King has been discovered, the character reacts: "How little?")

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



Ray "Oscar-Winner" Harryhausen, the man behind the sinister Cyclops, the maniacal Medusa, the heinous Harpys and hundreds of other figments of fantasy.



Ordinarily nonchalant New Yorkers flee for their lives from a beauty of a BEAST—FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, that is.

*"From the land beyond beyond,
from a land of hope and fear
I bid you, Horryhausen, now appear..."*

This is not about Marcel Delgado, the master model maker of Mexican descent who sculpted the world's most famous giant ape, billed on the marquee as "The 8th Wonder of the World."

Nor is it about Willis O'Brien, whose magic fingers manipulated the legendary stop-motion model and infused it with the simulacrum of life.

This is the tale of a lad who caught a monkey by the tail...and ever after could never get it off his back. For which the world of animation lovers is eternally grateful.

a hausen in the house of ack

To be completely accurate, it wasn't a house but a flat where a teenage Kong-lover met up with another kid around this age who was an imagi-movie enthusiast. It was in the late 30's and Forry Ackerman was living on the second floor of an apartment house owned by his maternal grandmother, Belle "Zululu" Wyman, the "last of the big time angels", and Herbert Wyman, who 100 years ago at the age of 32 was the architect of the Bradbury Building, featured in *BLADE RUNNER*,

THE DEMON WITH THE GLASS HAND, William Castle's *NIGHT WALKER* by Robert Bloch and numerous other films and teleplays. In 1892 when Grandfather Wyman blueprinted the Bradbury Building he did so inspired by the best selling science fiction novel of the day, the classic "Looking Backward: 2000-1885" by Edward Bellamy. Incidentally, the late actor Ralph Bellamy, who appeared in *THE WOLF MAN*, *THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *ROSEMARY'S BABY* and numerous other imagi-movies, was a descendant of author Edward Bellamy).

Pardon the digression. Back to the initial meeting between Ray and Forry.

in search of stills

Young Ray Harryhausen came out (or floated out) of a theater, walking on air in perhaps 1938 or '39 after seeing a revival of *KING KONG*. For him it was perhaps his second viewing: now in his lifetime he has quit counting after 100. In those days you must understand that revivals were few and far between and once a picture was gone you didn't know if you ever were going to see it again. There was no television, no videocassette. So when young Ray Harryhausen exited the theater he wondered if it would be possible for him to at least acquire the stills.

The manager said, "I'm sorry, I don't own them. I was lucky to be able to borrow them from a collector named Forrest Ackerman." And he gave Ray Forry's address.



A Harryhausen sketch for a set in JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS

FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND



IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA to wrap its tentacles around the watchtower at the Embarcadero in San Francisco.

And Ray came 'round to visit Forry. And Forry, being the notorious miser that he is, unwilling to share any of his treasures with anyone or even let them look at them...wait a minute! this isn't a fairy tale. Of course Forry let a fellow fan look at and borrow his stills, imagi-movie fans in those days being as rare as unicorns' horns.

And Ray and Forry became fast friends. To have become slow friends would have been ridiculous.

he masked for it

Came the third World Science Fiction Convention of 1941, the one where Forry recommended Robert Heinlein as Guest of Honor (and 50 years and nearly 50 World Conventions later said he thought Heinlein's Guest of Honor speech was the best he ever heard) and 45J, ever the superfan, decided he wanted to attend the Masquerade as Olaf Stapledon's superhero with an IQ of 10,000, Odd John. A character that George's Pal was frustrated he could not bring to the screen, Forry appealed to Harryhausen to make him an Odd John mask. In order to do so, Ray first had to make a life mask of Forry.

the hunchbackerman of notre dame

One hellishly hot afternoon in 1941, at Pacific Palisades (CA) where Ray lived at the time, he had Forry stretch out on a stretch of green and he covered his face with the kind of goop one used in those days for lifemasks. As the mushy substance would take about a half hour to jell, there was no point in Ray's sticking around so he wandered away.

It was so hot that Forry had taken off his shoes and stockings before the process began. The soles of his feet now became very hot and sticky with perspiration.

Ray had a great mastiff dog named Kong...and Kong came over and began sniffing around Forry's feet. Forry didn't know what was going on except something was making his feet very ticklish.

Then, relishing the salty sweat on the soles, with his big raspy tongue Kong began licking Forry's feet!

Forry would have gone thru the ceiling, if there'd been a ceiling. He began flailing his arms about wildly and making strangling SOS noises, hoping someone would notice his dilemma and come and rescue him. Chase Kong away. But no one was around to respond.



KING KONG, the film that inspired Ray Harryhausen's career.

4e as Quasimodo from the hand of Harryhausen.

That's why the lifemask Ray made of Forry Ackerman at 24 has such a pained expression on it.

And in the end Forry suffered for nothing because somehow the somewhat macrocephalonic mask Ray made of Odd John didn't work out, it crumbled apart and Ray hastily made a substitute mask as Quasimodo, which won 4E a prize as the HunchbAckerman of Notre Dame.

apprentice to george pal

And Willis O'Brien. Young Harryhausen was fortunate early on in his career to work with the Hungarian puppet-master Pal who came to Hollywood from his studio Dollywood in Holland, where he made a short subject called, *THE SHIP OF THE ETHER*, and to work with Willis O'Brien on *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*, the animation sensation of 1949. The whole wonderful story of Ray Harryhausen is told in *The Ray Harryhausen Scrapbook* and *From the Land Beyond Beyond* so there is really no necessity to repeat it here but let me instead tell you one other anecdote involving these two lifelong friends.





The action certainly wasn't dragon in this sequence from **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD**.

As a teenager, Ray liked to draw ghastly, ghoulish faces. He always hoped to create one which would cause a listless lass not only to scream, but to faint!



a martian in ray's livingroom

Fans who visit Forry's Ackermanison frequently bring him gifts. One fan from Seattle came bearing a curious little rubber figure which he found in a flea market and purchased it simply because it was so odd. Forry recognized it as an interpretation of one of the Martians from H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds". Somewhere along the line Ray saw a foto of said Martian and realized it was one of his earliest works. How it disappeared from Los Angeles and made its to Seattle he couldn't imagine.

When Forry went to England with Ray Ferri and Gene Reynolds for the purpose of creating his videocassette **FORREST J ACKERMAN'S AMAZING WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY**, he took Harryhausen's Martian along with him, feeling it was time Ray's "baby" came home.

So there was lights! camera! action! in the London livingroom of Harryhausen as Ferri recorded the interview between Ray and Forry.

All of a sudden in the midst of the interview Forry stopped, looked very seriously at Ray and said, "Ray Harryhausen--This is Your Life!" Then, as he was absenting himself from the room, he said, "Ray, an old friend of yours has come here all the way from Seattle. See if you can recognize his voice."



The Horrorwood Bat Pack--Ray Bradbury, Forrest J Ackerman, Ray Harryhausen, friends for 55 (count 'em!) years, at the 50th Anniversary of KING KONG, and Flash! What do 'ya know? They're together again at FM-CON '93--the 35th Anniversary of FMoF and the 60th Anniversary of KK!

forry speaks martian

There was an expression of great bewilderment on Ray's face. In the vestibule, Forry picked up the hag he had hidden with the Martian model in it, then in a deep disguised voice spoke:

"Teska vida b' g'vaya, Ray! Sally gazeetva, Harry! Barsoom! Barsoom! Hausen!"

Then, with the bag concealed behind him, he entered the room.

Ray's jaw fell to the floor like the men falling off the log into the Spider Pit in King Kong. Then Forry handed him the mysterious hag.

Wonderingly Ray opened it.

Unwrapped the enigmatic object.

Exploded: "My Martian!"

He never looked so animated in his life.

the holy three

If Ray Harryhausen, Ray Bradbury and Forry Ackerman are "The Unholy Three", Ray Harryhausen and his wife Diana and his daughter Vanessa might be called "The Three Musketeers". They have been inseparable for many years. It was their proudest moment last year when Ray's life work in animation was recognized with an Oscar from The Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences. Shortly there after

at the Annual Saturn Awards, in the company of Arnold Schwarzenegger and other genre celebrities, Forry Ackerman presented Ray with the Golden Saturn on behalf of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films

hooray for ray

On the occasion of the 50th. Anniversary of King Kong, John Landis (INNOCENT BLOOD, AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON, AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON) purchased on the spot a bronze by Harryhausen of Kong besting the Tyrannosaurus. Rolf Giesen, co-curator-to-be of Forry Ackerman's Metropolis Museum in the refurbished \$42 Million Dollar Hotel Esplanade in Berlin, tells us that when the image-movie collection opens (target date: 1995) included in it will be 62 of Harryhausen's world-famous animation models currently in Ray's possession, together with the Ymir & Elephant from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, the lighthouse from THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, the Capitol Dome from EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS, the Golden Gate Bridge from IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA, the Brontosaurus Ray built when he was 13, and numerous other Harryhausen artifacts in the collection of F.J.A.

Ray Harryhausen is a genius and a gentleman with a legion of fans throughout this world--and many others.

WHERE ARE THE MONSTERS?

"MONSTERS ARE STILL GOOD
FOR MY CHILDREN—
YOURS, TOO!"

by Mrs. T.M. Pinckard

There is no greater thrill than the cold chill of your hair raising on the nape of your neck as you listen to a supernatural movie or hear the bloodcurdling scream at the climax to a good story! What child has not felt goose bumps as they listened to the wind causing branches to screech against the sides of the house as they lay in their bed at night?

For a year after my article "Monsters Are Good For My Children" appeared in the October 1965 issue of Famous Monsters of Filmland, doctors and psychologists regaled the media with horrible and dire consequences of allowing young people to view and read horror stories, vampire tales and monster films. Other doctors and psychologists defended a well researched article. Quotes from it even ap-



Tom and Terri Pinckard and their children (top, center) Vicki, (bottom, left to right) Cherl, Rick and Vivian, in 1958. Monsters taught them to be understanding of those who were "different".

peared in a classroom book in Beginning Psychology.

I write horror stories. One of my stories, "The Hate", was chosen for both the British and U.S. editions of The Year's Best Horror Stories. My husband and I were both co-creators and host of the Pinckards' Science Fiction Writers' Salon. Before I would type the final draft of one of my articles, I would read them to my children. They thrived on them.

Our children are now adults. The passage of time saw them continuing to view horror films, wonderful portrayals of characters in well written plots. Until it was discontinued, not a month passed that FM magazine did not arrive at our front door to be eagerly devoured by the four.

Forrest Ackerman's descriptions of the technicalities of make-up, props, etc. plus his astute critique reviewing the film helped stimu-



Erik--all decked out in black "die" and tails, prepares for a not-so-quiet evening at the Opera.



What monster parent wouldn't want a daughter like Luna? Carroll Borland proves the mundane world can't hold a candle to fantasy.

late their imagination. It made for A's in Composition, enjoyment of reading and exciting discussions around the dinner table. Their interest also gave them compassion for others less fortunate than they; the handicapped, the blind, the different in any way. For how many times have you felt the twinge of heartfelt empathy for Frankenstein, King Kong, the Slans, Phantom of the Opera, Beauty and the Beast (TV series as well).

While young our kids did have a few nightmares. No more than any child who didn't see the movies would have, for as my original article pointed out, children begin at 4 to have nightmares of "reality" such as fires, wolves, etc. The psychiatrists interviewed for the original stated "...better a Frankenstein than a Buchenwald!" Any of you who saw The Holocaust of Hitler and his atrocities know what was meant by that statement. That was real. The Texas Chain Saw Massacre was real! For the very young, real life movies may be more difficult to deal with than horror films.

As the technology of special effects became more realistic, it became an end to itself rather than enhancing of a good horror plot. We began to follow "Uncle Furry's" reviews more closely, choosing from those rather than films glamorizing real-life murders unless the movie was exceptionally well-done and with a moral purpose to its plot. Our daily news broadcasts are more destructive to young minds than any horror movie we have ever seen. Daily violence is a reality that has changed the quality and freedom of our everyday lives. Freedom of speech is not License. We taught the difference to our children!

Sometimes our own fun ricocheted on us, I remember one night when the children were in their early teens. We had gone to see the original Psycho, shown along with The Last House On The Left. The tension of the movies, discussed on the way home, was suddenly enhanced by the realization, as we turned the corner to our house, that our house WAS the last house on the left! We jokingly tiptoed our way up the walk, grabbing each other and making eerie sounds.

It was very late as Vicki, our second oldest, then 17, went into the bathroom to wash her makeup off and get ready for bed. In the meantime, my husband Tom and the other three continued to horse around. He went to our closet and took out an old dark green bathrobe. Turning the collar up, he put on a wig of mine, deliberately wearing it askew. Tom had been an actor long before we were married, and so, in his finest Chaney impression, he loped down the hallway in a grotesque Hunchback of Notre Dame way just as Vicki came out of the bathroom.

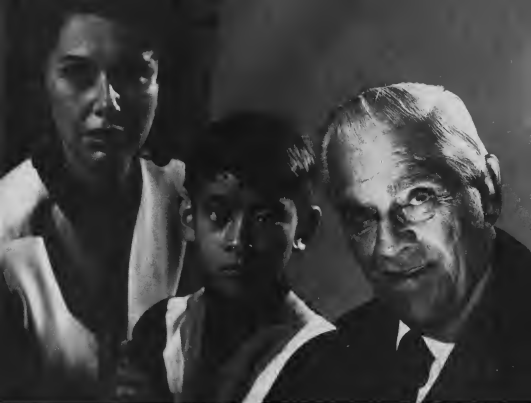
He landed with a grand leap right in front of her.

She let out a scream that began at the lowest register of the scale and increased in tone and volume to a high-pitched wail as she slowly slid down the wall, eyes rolled back in her head. With all the horror films she had seen, this was the first time one had touched her personally. THIS was right in her own safe home...and IT had come right at her! I don't know who ended up more frightened...Vicki, at the apparition approaching her, or Tom, fearful she had a heart attack!

What has the love of well-directed and well-written horror stories done to our children? Are they degenerates? Are they criminals? Are they psychologically damaged?

They certainly are not! In spite of it all...some people would say. We would not! We would say because of it all.

Cheri, our handicapped daughter, adopted in Cuernavaca, Mexico when just 2 1/2 pounds, is an aware, congenial and loving human being. She has



When then 8 year old Ricky met his horror-lific hero on the set of Boris' final four films, he nervously exclaimed-- "Oh, Mr. Karloff, I've waited all my life to meet you!"

used remarkable courage to overcome her physical problems. Throughout her special education classes she topped other classmates in social awareness, entertaining them with tales of the Science Fiction and Horror authors she knew and the books and movies they had written; a world far beyond the scope of any of her friends but not beyond their interest.

Vicki was in the Mentally Gifted Minors program in High School, excelled in Science and Math and, as her senior year project, made an intricate hologram from scratch. She took a double degree at college and is married to a computer cartographer for British Petroleum. She is bright, generous and caring to a fault; head of the Accounting Offices at the University of Alaska, and mother of two very beautiful daughters. She used her imagination in "Visualizing" to assist her body in fighting Lymphoma and has now been free from Cancer for over 8 years.

Vivian is so attractive she could have lived a life relying strictly on her looks as a model. Instead, she went to business school nights and is a legal secretary for a firm of lawyers. She is an exceptional mother of a highly intelligent 6 1/2 year old son. In high school, she strove to be a high achiever in track and bested the school record in the mile--and then beat her own record

three times! After her divorce from her first marriage, she devoted all spare time to a loving relationship with her son Tony, providing him with the security lacking in the children of so many single working mothers. Her new husband is a fine, decent young man who has taken them deeply into his heart.

We adopted our son, Rick, from Korea where he had been through starvation and machine gun fire before the age of 14 months. He appears in both the British Isles and United States editions of the biography of Boris Karloff, although misquoted; the actual response to Boris was "I've waited all my life to meet you!" (How many years can a 9 year old have waited?) He also had been in the Mentally Gifted Minors Program in high school. After graduating college with a double major in Political Science and Math, he became a policeman, hoping to aim toward Administrative Law, at the same time acquiring his Master's, and then working nights the last 3 years while attending Law School during the day. He is now Legal Council for the Sheriff of San Diego County, CA. He is drawn to politics, to somehow serve the United States, his adopted country, which he feels has given him such opportunity.

None of them have ever experimented with drugs.



3 generations of monster-lovers--grandpa Boris, daughter Sara and her sons, pose for a family portrait in the original Ackermanson.

What's the most popular genre magazine on the Red Planet? FAMOUS MARS-TERS OF FILMLAND.

Cheri's birth defect of brain damage gave them courage to tell their peers they wouldn't take any chances with their brains. Their compassion for her never being able to marry or live on her own gave them that strength. They are fun-loving, good human beings.

All have great imaginations. Both Vicki and Rick are interested in writing. One of Vicki's poems won first place in the Alaskan Poetry contest. Vivian has expressed her creative urge in many artistic ways, from interior decorating ideas to folk projects and quilt-making.

So, dire consequences of their interest in Horror and Gothic literature never evolved. In fact, just the opposite. Forry Ackerman was their hero and FAMOUS MONSTERS one of their Filmic Bibles.

The information Forrest Ackerman so marvelously described in FM and in more recent lectures and articles has been the inspiration for a good many youngsters to become writers, animators or scientists. George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, John Landis, Vernon Vinge, Rick Baker...the list grows daily in the United States, Germany, Japan, indeed, world-wide. Many fans have been drawn to higher education or gained acclaim. All still have a warm spot in their hearts for FM and Forrest Ackerman.

Yes, Tom and I truly believe that Monsters WERE good for our children. For, after all, isn't the unknown the greatest magnet of them all? Imagination is a wonderful advantage in our world. Whether it be in medicine, science, astronomy or the writing or special effects of horror, the prickly excitement creeps and crawls up your arms as you enter a mysterious land.

Just as, even now, I wonder--WHAT lurks behind each door I open?

Come on, Forrest J (no period) Ackerman...Mr. Monster, Mr. Sci-Fi, the man who has inspired so many youngsters to be more than they thought they could...WHAT?





People called **THE MAN WHO LAUGHS** a big baby, but they didn't understand he was just teething.



Showpiece of the Wendayne Ackerman Collection--this magnificent Dracula ring and cape. Unfortunately, she could not get them off the store clerk and had to take him as part of the deal.

I ran across this Memorial Day, 1990. I don't know what it was prepared for but I'm pretty sure it was never published. Ah, yes, it comes back to me now: this was supposed to be a preface to a book that was going to be primarily all about my collection, with supplementary material by Gerry de la Ree (long-time SF fan and dear friend, who passed away in January, 1993), Sam Moskowitz, Don Wettkam, Bob Madle and other major owners of sci-fi works. — Forry

A WORD FROM THE GREATEST FUTURIA FANTASIA COLLECTOR

by wendayne ackerman

The Ackermmonster's Ackerman

A work of this nature is customarily embellished by a preface from a celebrity in the fantascience field, a friend of the author such as Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch, Isaac Asimov, Vincent Price or Stephen King.

But what is there left for them to say about the Compleat Collector whom I married nearly 40 years ago? When, 10 years before I was aware of his existence, he arrived at the first World Science Fiction Convention and, a dashing figure of 22, set blasé New Yorkers on their ears with his famous "futuristicostume", he was already recognized as the #1 fan of "scientifiction" and for 13 years had been creating the core of the world's greatest science fiction collection.

In 1949 when the renowned pioneer of rocket-writing visited us in our flat, he (Willy Ley) shortly thereafter referred to my husband for the first time in print as Mr. Science Fiction. (By then Forry's collection had already overflowed into three garages.)

In 1951 I accompanied him to London where he was the Guest of Honour at the first International Science Fiction Convention. LIFE sent a reporter to our cabin to interview him before we set sail for England on the Queen Mary.

In 1953 at the World Science Fiction Convention his contributions to the field were recognized when, from the hands of Isaac Asimov, he received the first Hugo (SF equivalent to the Oscar), an honor which has since been repeated by Germany, Italy and Japan. He has similarly been honored by the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Horror Films.





The author looks admiringly at her husband while her husband looks admiringly at Lee.

Ferry makes his acceptance speech after receiving the first Hugo, while Isaac Asimov checks his watch to see if he'll have to check Ferry.



Robert Bloch observed, "One man collected, and one man cared."

"Half of Ferry's house is a museum"—Steven Spielberg

"The Fort Knox of Science Fiction"—George Pal

"The true master of Metropolis"—Fritz Lang

"Amazed!"—Bela Lugosi

"He is a collector extraordinaire and eventually he and his collection will become monuments to a (but for him) much neglected cinema art form."—Vincent Price

"What can I say about Ferry that hasn't already been said?"—Stephen King

"If Forrest J Ackerman doesn't have the greatest collection on Earth of science fiction and fantasy books, magazines, manuscripts, art work and movie memorabilia...I don't know who has."—Ray Bradbury

"In duplicate, in Garage Mahal (Son of Taj), he also has the world's second greatest collection of science fiction."—A.E. van Vogt

"He is unique in having created an internationally-acclaimed collection of science fiction memorabilia."—Tom Bradley, three-times Mayor of Los Angeles

And I, for 40 years, have collected the world's greatest collector of SF memorabilia! Look, now, at a part of what I look at every day!

—Mrs. Forrest J Ackerman



Mr. Monster and the notorious "other woman".



the amazing Ackermmonster

paul linden sizes up the son of sci-fi

turn back the clock

Cognizant of the fact that many of you reading these words were not even born when I last interviewed Forest J—no period Ackerman (or Forry as he prefers to be called), I expect it would be a good idea to repeat a few facts about him.

He was born in Los Angeles on the 24th of November, 1916, of German-English ancestry. His father was chief statistician in an oil company "But I love words, hate figures—except, of course, girls. It is strange to think my dad died younger than I—58. In one way, it seems to me like William Schilling Ackerman didn't have a very long life—he died of a stroke after a finally

few miserable years—and on the other hand my life till now seems an absolute eternity. Inside I feel like an 18 year old kid—some say 8 years old—but I know that realistically those physical insides have to wear out sometime. I shall hate growing old, especially if I should have a stroke or lose my vision or many of the unpleasant possibilities of old age; but on the other hand, my mother made it to 93 and her "baby sister" my aunt Beeze, made it to 91. One member of the family, way back when, made it to within 3 weeks of 100, so maybe I will break the family record."

Forry had a beloved brother who didn't make it to his 21st birthday. He got up on New Years Day, 1945, not knowing that night he would no longer be alive—killed in World War II's Battle of the Bulge. "I have



The House That Ack Built. Forry claims to have read every last word in every article and book in his collection. He says he's disappointed that they all end the same way-- "The End".

Pioneer SF artist Frank R. Paul. As a generation discovered sci-fi from the hand of Forry, so Forry discovered sci-fi from the hand of Paul.



visited Alden's grave quite a few times in Luxembourg. In a Parallel World where he lived, I figure to-day I would be Uncle Forry to 3 of his children and grandpa to quite a few grandchildren. Although I, quite deliberately, have never had any children of my own. My life has kept me quite busy enough trying to educate and entertain millions of youngsters."

big time angels on my shoulder

Forry speaks wistfully of his maternal grandmother and Grandfather, "the last of the Big Time Angels". When Mom and 'Mom Daddy' died, a great life went out of my life never to be replaced. They took me to THE LOST WORLD, METROPOLIS, Lon Chaney's pictures, as many as seven movies in a single day; Mom bought me my first stills (from JUST IMAGINE). Mom Daddy drew me all kinds of monsters from other worlds. George Herbert Wyman and Belle 'Zulu' Wyman--a middle name she created on the spur of the moment when the minister asked her for it at her wedding and she realized she didn't have one--my grandparents weren't fantasy fans but they did have inquiring minds. Spiritualism, reincarnation, metaphysics, Eastern Philosophies--these were the paths they chose to explore and considering what a great influence they were on me, it is difficult to explain how I became a confirmed materialist, an anti-astrologist with no interest in flying saucers, ghosts, ghouls, zombies, werewolves, vampires and things that go bump in the night, yes, as long as they are confined to

fiction or films. But reality—"no".

monster memories

The earliest fantastic film Forry remembers seeing was *ONE GLORIOUS DAY*, about a mischievous young Earthbound spirit in 1922 when he was only 5 1/2. At 7 he saw Lon Chaney in the *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*; at 8, the horrors of hell in *DANTE'S INFERNO*; and by the time he was 10 he had thrilled to *THE LOST WORLD*, *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, *THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD* and *METROPOLIS*—4 films that remain major favorites of his to this day. Other all-time greats on Forry's "heart-chart" include *FRANKENSTEIN*, *DRACULA*, *KING KONG*, *THINGS TO COME*, *DEAD OF NIGHT*, *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*, *THIS ISLAND EARTH*, *FANTASTIC VOYAGE*, *ROSEMARY'S BABY*, *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, *THE MUMMY*, *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, *TARGETS*, *THE INVISIBLE MAN* and *THE EXORCIST*. "Pictures where I was completely out of step with public opinion were" he confesses wryly, "*FORBIDDEN PLANET* and 2001: *A SPACE ODYSSEY*." Since the latter revelation is bound to offend a vocal segment of his readers, Forry would have undoubtedly been better off to keep his opinions to himself, but it is typical of his personality that he feels he must speak the truth, bitter as it may be or blighting to his personal popularity. In the long run I think it is the best course.

a man of many firsts

Forry's was the first fan letter published in the first issue of *Science Wonder Quarterly*, 1929. It was the prototype of the "gosh-wow-boy-o-boy" letter hacking school of "criticism" later to be derided by Damon Knight, James Blish, Alex Panshin and critics of their stature, but for Forry, in 1961, on the occasion of celebrating *Amazing Stories* 35th anniversary, it was one of the happiest moments of his life to leave his seat between Hugo Gernsback and Frank R. Paul, the two greatest inspirators of his time, long enough to stand before a crowd of celebrants in Newark, N.J. and read aloud to the Father of Science Fiction the words of praise he had written for him in 1929.

"Another magic moment in my life," Forry recalls "when about 30 years in time and 3000 miles in space, I presented a 'Hugo' to Hugo Gernsback. 'Forry, of course, received the first 'Hugo' ever from the hands of Isaac Asimov, in Philadelphia in 1953. In an act of generosity which stunned the conventioners he promptly 'endorsed' it to Kenneth F. Slater, a British fan whom he felt deserved it more than he. Since then he's been awarded a German, Italian and Japanese one."

Forry wrote the first article on the first page of the first true sf fanzine, *The Time Traveller*, January 1932: the first known compilation of fantastic films.

He founded the Boys Scientific Fiction Club in 1929 and that year won, over 200 contestants, a newspaper contest for the best short story by a teenager with his "A Trip To Mars". As he remembers it, "It was probably in 1930 that I introduced Linus Hogenmiller's ubiquitous abbreviation of sf into print. It was in 1954 that I coined the iniquitous (if Harlan Ellison is to be believed) term *sci-fi*. But Ellison also said he would like to burn my selection of the *BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1973* and his frenetic vendetta against



SCHLOCK Kathropis monkey's around with Mr. Monster's copy of FMOF.

my innocent little sound 'sci-fi' is more than offset, as far as I am concerned, by Playboy's featuring it on its cover trumpeting a new Kurt Vonnegut serial within; its world wide acceptance (six 'sci-fi' clubs in Budapest when I visited there several years ago, 'sci-fi' on a scientific poster in Yugoslavia); its incorporation in the dialogue of *THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE*: the casual acceptance of it by A.E. van Vogt, Robert Silverberg, Gene Roddenberry and many other sf personalities and even its inclusion in a dictionary!

other ack-complishments

Forry started the custom of nicknaming conventions (the Nycon, Chicon, Pacificon); started the Masquerade Balls rolling by appearing in the First World SF Convention in a "futuristic costume"

He wrote and narrated the definitive *Science Fiction Film* reel used as a study tool in high schools and universities. He was interviewed for 28 minutes non-stop, sans commercials, for NBC's Collector Series (TV). Last year was on TV programs in Australia.

He has travelled to Alaska, Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, England, Fiji, France, Germany (East and West), Hawaii, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Liechtenstein ("because nobody I knew had ever been there—and I loved it. When I left the enchanting peaceful view from my hotel's dining room salon, I felt like Ronald Colman taking leave of Shangri-La). Luxembourg (my brother is buried there in a military cemetery), Mexico, New Zealand, Scotland, Switzerland, Tasmania, Wales, and says, "I still have hopes of visiting China, Estonia, Greece, Iceland, Latvia, Lithuania, Sri Lanka, Turkey and the Taj Mahal."

He says "I've seen the E. State, Loch Ness, glaciers, tallest totem poles (in Alaska), the Frankenstein villa where Mary Shelley's Hamlet of Frankenstein in the Empire and the World's different locations in Germany, and the book and the lost S.A. (celebrating its



Two for the Price of one. Fory and Vincent a few years ago in sunny Spain.

The Ackermonger and (silent) Scream Queen Mary Philbin. 67 years after the Phantom terrorized her beneath the Paris Opera House.



100th. year when I visited it and its population down to 26). I've slept in the bed where H.G. Wells' sons were born, have been on all the Hollywood studio lots, and to the last resting spots of Lon Chaney Sr., Bela Lugosi, Douglas Fairbanks, Pearl White and Fritz Lang. I've seen the Arc de Triomphe and the Garden of Rodin, the Swiss Alps, Pierre Versins' Science Fiction Museum and Ron Grahams and Gerry de la Ree's glorious displayed collections; I've been in Picfair, seen Napoleon's overwhelming tomb and a lock of his hair, been shown Josef von Sternberg's treasure by the late director in his home; have seen Sugar Loaf, the Manikin Pis, the Butchard Gardens, the Winchester Mystery House, the Hearst Castle, Place Pigalle (Pig Alley), the Moulin Rouge, the Metropolitan Museum, the cinemathèque Francais, the Grand Canyon, Washington's Monument, Liberty Bell, Statue of Liberty, Times Square, enchanting island of Bled (Jugoslavia), Grauman's Chinese forecourt, the Burroughs Collections of Vern Coriell and Stan Vinson and Burroughs Inc. itself. I've visited the realm of Golem and been in the home of the man who created robots, Karel Capek and the Metropolis Robotrix herself, Brigitte Helm. I've shaken hands with H.G. Wells, Hugo Gernsback, Frank R. Paul, Marlene Dietrich, Al Jolson, Maurice Chevalier, Sammy Davis Jr., Ruby Keeler, Mae West, astronaut Al Worden...I've known "Skylark" Smith, Dr. Keller, Campbell, Kuttner, Cummings, Rousseau, Starzl, Diffin, Stephen King, Fred Pohl, Skidmore, Boucher, Barnes, Clifton, Cartmill, Beaumont, Burroughs, Finlay, Bok, Lawrence, Bonestell, Marcel Delgado, oh, so many of the departed ones, Merian C. Cooper, Burks, C. MacLean Savage, Lang, Margulies, Conklin, Carnell, Langelaan, Wyndham, S. Fowler Wright...I've seen Crosby, Monroe, Satchmo, Lindbergh, Hepburn, Garland, Minnelli, Cooper, Bert Reynolds, Lilli Palmer, Capra, Pickford, Lorre, Laughton, Colin Clive, Carradine, Francis X. Bushman, Paderewski, Roman Polanski, Tiffany Thayer, the Duncan Sisters, Lillian Gish, Jayne Mansfield, Edward G. Robinson, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Sally Rand, Kim Novak; have conversed with Jane Fonda and Henry Miller, know Anals Nin and the creators of Superman and Elsa Lanchester and Vincent Price...have met Johnny Ray, seen Frank Sinatra, known Rouben Mamoulian and Charles Higham and Gene Roddenberry and George Takei and Dorothy Fontana...have seen Gloria Swanson, Alfred Hitchcock and Will and Ariel Durant...knew oldtimers Gardener "The Vicarion" Hunting and Joseph Gray Kitchell ("The Earl of Hell")...Anton Szandor La Vey is a friend and L. Sprague de Camps...I've acted with Basil Rathbone... Say!...I've been extremely fortunate, haven't I.

Is there anything left for Fory? "Well, yes, I guess I'd like to see the pyramids and the Sphinx, Monte Carlo, Mary Shelley's burial place and Bram Stoker's Urn (both accomplished during the 1991 Dynacomm sponsored Fory, Ferry and Reynolds visit to England to shoot FJA's AMAZING WORLDS OF SCI-FI & FANTASY video), Niagara Falls, Stephen King's home...and Madonna's boudoir. (I can dream can't I?)

At The First World Fantasy Con Fory stood by Lovecraft's grave in the black of night and in tribute to the master of the macabre who had once called him an ebullient brat or something of the sort, read aloud a passage from one of his HPL's horror fantasies.

As Burroughs coined "Kaorl" for his Martian vocabulary and his expression for greeting caught on, so Fory enriched the world of Rhofans with the invention



"That's my car!" "That's my car!" "That's my car!" "That's my car?" "That's MY CAR!" The Ackermonger strikes again (some people wish he'd stay on strike) in John Landis' INNOCENT BLOOD.

of such expressions in Interkosmo and Arkonese as "Forvala" and "Shahntel" (Thank You), "Gova dorani" (goodbye), "karandi" (friend) and future slang as "Glord" (Good Lord), "unkosh" (fishy), "donk" (dumb, nuts, crazy), "crackers" ("characters"), "chout" (to chew out) "gwash" (baloney, hogwash), "fishket" (kettle of fish), "blarking" (black market activities), "it's a grass" (it's a gas) etc.

"OK, OK, I'll stop playing!" says blind hermit (Walt Daugherty) to Frankenstein's monster (Forry). Looks like Walt believes in an eye for an "aye".

inside darkest ackula

But there is a danger in attempting to list Forry's many achievements that we may lose sight of the man behind them.

What is he really like?

Well, he is a dynamo of energy and activity. At an age (78) when many men have retired, are considering it or at least taking it easier, he has literally undertaken to double his professional output. His work regimen already consisted of a 7-day week, 9 am till noon and a 30 minute lunch break (often at the local House of Pies); 12:30 till 6:30 with a 30 minute dinner break (often at the local Swedish Table); work till 10:00pm with a 15 minute cookie or ice cream (pistachio) break; and a very possible day's end at midnight after watching one of his 1500 (8 hour) videocassettes. As often as possible, he gets in an afternoon nap for an hour, which he is suppose to have anyway after His every waking hour is not devoted, too horror, mobsters, terror, creatures, etc., blasphemous as this might seem to some and among "mundane" activities he loves such singers as Al Jolson and Maurice Chevalier, among the dead





"Hmmm, I wonder if I'd make a spectacle of myself in these?" ponders the Ackermonger as he looks over Lon Chaney's makeup kit.

Father of Science Fiction Hugo Gernsback (editor of *Amazing Stories*) meets Son of Science Fiction, Forry Ackerman.



Mr. Munster (Fred Gwynne) meets Mr. Punster on the set of *MUNSTER, GO HOME*



the series of heart attacks he had on his way to his 50th birthday and the heart block which left him with "a kookle tucker that only ticks 48 times a minute. My doctor assures me that if Brinke Stevens as Vampirella offered me a mint print of KING KONG with the spider sequence in tact and a hot fudge sundae with toasted almonds on top, on top of which Ray Forry offered me a raise, it still would not raise my heart beat above 48!" Sounds hard to believe and we imagine Forry would like to test the doctor's dictum.

Incidentally, among Forry's other claims to "firsts" is the fact that he featured the first nude on a fanzine. "To be utterly accurate about it", he said when I queried him, "it was only a seminude, although it raised a real commotion at the time-the time being May 1938, the publication "Imagination!". It was a line drawing by the late beloved Hannes Bok, so innocuous by modern standards that I imagine it could be used on postage stamp without raising any eyebrows. But in those primitive pre-Kinsey pre-Farmer censorial times it raised much blood pressure. Imagine: A Dirty Old Man at 21! I think it took Isaac Asimov about 50 years to reach this stature!"

same old forry

Most things have not changed in the life and habits of the Ackermonger since I last interviewed him. He doesn't smoke, drink and he definitely doesn't approve of the Drug Culture. He paid to go on Record as being against the US participation in Vietnam long before it became popular to agree the undeclared war was a hideous mistake.

His every waking hour is not devoted to horror, monsters, terror, creatures, etc., blasphemous as this might seem to some, and among "mundane" activities he loves such singers as Al Jolson and Barry Manilow... loves Marlene Dietrich...he's nuts about Madonna... he loves his computer and fax machine (says he can't imagine how he ever survived all those years before he acquired them). But, as Jolie used to say, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!".....

(Forry's pet peeves, fondest memories of his career and 20 SHOCKING Facts about the Man of a Thousand Graces---in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND Number 201! Don't miss it! Reserve your copy now (see page 4).

...now,
as we celebrate his 35th Anniversary as creator/editor of the world's first and forry-most imagi-movie magazine, it's time for fans to lash out, to strike back and say...



A typical scene from the legendary 8700 mile cross-country "Meet FM's Editor" trip

Staff Sergeant Ack-Ack-property of the U.S. Government for 3 years, 4 months and 29 days



BEAST WITCHES, FORRY!

and
fangs
for
the
memories

Children of the night! What music they make! And great monsters mag. too! Here's to another 200 issues of FM, Forry! **Michael Wills, Richmond Hill, N.Y.**

Forry, many thanks from some of your biggest fans here in Michigan. Craig, Dennis, Tim, C.C., John & Brad, Beast Wishes!! **Dennis McDermott, Garden City, MI.**

To Uncle Forry:- You made a great childhood better, don't stop now! From **Fran and Frank Nicoletti Flushing, N.Y.**

Lec Reibestein, Joseph Keepler, Gilbert Chin, Thomas Pye, James Doller, wish FJA and Famous Monsters everywhere Mad Love with thanx forever! From Immortal Fantasy Foundation. **Immortal Fantasy Foundation, PO Box 131, Valley Cottage, N.Y. 10989**

Dear Forry:- I've been a fan of yours and FM since 1965, Thanks for so many years of fun. **Scott Holt, Carrollton, Tx.**

love! AMOUS MONSTERS and I hope that you like the CURTAIN Jack Tydings, Elliot City, MD.

Uncle Fory- As Bob Hope might say, "Fangs for the memories." Your youthful enthusiasm made growing up a little bit easier! Gary W Radovich, Valley Stream, NY

It's an honor that my mid-1960 painting of FM #5 may still be in the Ackermuseum (store room???) Beast Wishes Always! Cooper Maggiora, Oakland, CA

May you outlive us all Fory! It would be sad indeed without you! Long Live The Ackermuseum and FAMOUS MONSTERS! Hany & Suzanne Hatter, Paris, KY

With all the monster magazines in the world FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine will always be the best. Fangs for all the great memories! Grant Biffin, Narellan, Australia

A Million coffins full of thanks for the enjoyment and horror through out the years. You helped developed my love for the Fantastic. Bruce, Sharon & Erin, Tinkal, Edison, NJ

Many thanks and my Eternal Gratitude to the man who was the first to warp my mind. ??? for now Fory! Alfred J. Motha Jr., Ardely, PA

Dear Fory- You and FAMOUS MONSTERS introduced us to the fabulous world of stop-motion animation for which we will always be grateful! Evelyn & Manfred Knochel, Winnipeg, Canada

Fory- Being part of the FAMOUS MONSTERS family helped me realize there's nothing wrong with being different! Live Long and Prosper! Greg Bazaz, Harrington Pk., NJ

Fory- I just like to say thanks for making my childhood. I had a heck of a good time reading FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine! Gabriele Facchini, St. Johns Pk., Australia



Dear Fory, Fangs for the memories, monsters, & mayhem. May your mummies always mortify your ghouls, feed grandly and may Prince Sirki always bless you with his absence. Paula and Jim Reynolds, Morganton, NC

NEWSFLASH:- Date line yesterday. Reading Famous Monsters Magazine, Creepy, Eerie, Vampi. TODAY- FAMOUS MONSTERS # 200. Guess we'll never grow up! Thank you so much Fory. Nancy & Bob Craft, Crown Point, IN

Meeting you and finding FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine were major events in my life. I was no longer alone! I love you Fory! God Bless Nathalie Yafet, Hillside, NJ

Thanks for sharing over the years a magazine that has been with me since I was eight, I am now 43! Frank D. Greenawalt, Lancaster, PA

Dear Fory:- From FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND fans everywhere, THANKS, for sharing your passion, home and heart with us! LOVE! Gail & Ray Orwig, Richmond, CA

Happy 35th! one of Fory's many kids. We can't "fang" you enough for featuring the "hairy beast" movies in Famous Monsters Magazine. Jim Rhodes, Columbus OH

Many rainy summer day days spent on the front porch reading FAMOUS MONSTERS. Thanks for all the fond

memories, Forry. You and FM will always have a special place in my heart. **John Muhar, Stroud, Canada**

Force "F" - Since 5 1/2 you've been a life long inspiration. May God's light shine on your path in your journey through time. **G-Force/Gary Anthony Paruolo, Franklin Sq., NY**

KONG-gradulations Forry on this 35th. Anniversary FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND magazine celebration! For over 30 years now you have been an inspiration to me and many others. **THANK YOU Dr. Acula** for all your patience and dedicated efforts. See you at the convention. Your biggest fan. **Roger Hill, Wichita, KS**

Forrest J. Ackerman is one of the most remarkable figures of the 20th century! For he's an international treasure and one of the most important shapers of the 20th century! **Jeff Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.**

AT LAST! FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #200 - Spawn of the Ackercon! Thanks for all of the FM issues I "GRUE" up with. **Lanny Burton, Xenia, OH**



Happy Anniver-scary, Forry! With bundles of love from your New York play mate, Heidi

Like a tree stands in the a forest so Forrest stands in the land; like a pillar to lean on, FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND! Fangs Forry. Because of you we "literally" had a "MONSTERS" wedding. May you have many Vampires and Vampires! **Newly weds- Rita Bellance & Tony Kay, Seattle, WA.**

Dear Dr. Acula- with out your monstrous influence, My Jay might have become a CPA (gasp) leaving me a lonely Ghoul! Fangs. **Trish Pearlman, Brooklyn, NY**

The words "Welcome Monster Lovers" in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND issue #1 were the beginning of a wonderful adventure at the age of 12. Thanks, Forry! **Richard T. Mullin, North East, MD**

Dear Uncle Forry, FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND may be gone, but the happy memories you

gave us go on & on! We love you! **Bob Green, Boston, MA**

Dear Forry- Congratulations of realizing your dream for FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND #200 and the best of luck with the 1993 ForryCon! From one fan who says Forrest J Ackerman shall live eternal! **Douglas Whitenack, Eaton, N.J.**

For more than you will ever know, For more than I could ever List- **I THANK YOU & I LOVE YOU! Terry Roark, Lancaster, PA**

Thanks, Forry, for playing such a pivotal role in making my husband, Mark Schade, into the dreadful monster he is today! **Shiree Schade, Austin, Texas**

As far back as I can remember my fondest memories have been of FMOF. I look forward to the day my children can enjoy your works and achievement. **William Lappe, Bronx, NY**

King-size Kong-ratulations to Forry, the FAMOUS MONSTERS magazine staff and fans over the last 35 years. Beast Witches to all of us! **Mark Sielski, Wayne, NJ.**

We've been in good claws ever since you put your feet in the grave and started reaching for the scars! Thanks Forry! **Dr. Speculo, TV Horror Show Host, WCIV-6, Tallahassee, FL. Dr. Speculo/aka Ben Armstrong, Tallahassee, FL.**

"BEAST WISHES, FORRY" Bats off to the Ackemonster of Ceremonies; Baby Boomers' Guide to Ghoulish! A toast to Tourist of Terror every-weir. Here's to another 35 years to DIE for. **Brook E. Mantia, Union City, CA**

"BEAST WITCHES FORRY" I was 8 when Forry said "Monsters are Good for you" I agreed! After 35 years he still reveals the deFrights a monster can bring--a link to the past witch has never broken, endures and deepens each time the magazine opens. **Vincent P. Mantia, Half Moon Bay, CA**

Congratulations, Forry, on reaching your 200th issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND magazine and thanks for a "Monster-ess Childhood" looking forward to seeing the "Ackemonster" himself. Y our Irish pal, **Paul Mains, CODOWN, Northern Ireland**

Dear Forry, here is our dedication to you in our Star Wars book 3, "Prophecy of the Dark Side". Thanks for raising us on such a robust diet of primordial beasts and automated robots, so we were ready to fasten our spacebelts, when George Lucas pointed the way to the stars. **LOVE! Hollace and Paul Davids**

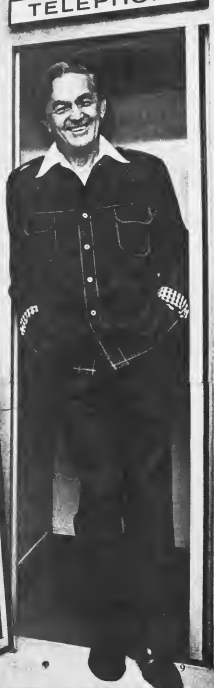
Without you, Forry, a horrible grisly death at the fangs of some unearthly monster just wouldn't be the same! To our oldest and dearest fiend of the family-- many happy returns. **Sirius Science Fiction Staff, Nevada City, CA**

To the greatest Succubizer of the Darkside--Fangs for the Memories! **E.J. 'Gene' Gold, Nevada City, CA**

Like the Forry Musketeers, WE DID IT! And the beast is yet to come!-- **Your Pal, The Lion Man**



The Super Fans
 Famous Monsters:
 my best
 friend
 "superman"
 Clark Olsen



SHORT STORY CONTEST

WINNERS

Judges Ray Bradbury, Robert Bloch and Forry Ackerman have rendered their decisions! And the winners are:

HORROR:

JIM NEMETH with "The Unlucky Vampire", editorially retitled "Nightfall? Downfall!"

SCIENCE FICTION:

LEX REIBESTEIN's "Collect Call to Underland", with the editorial addition of "How Now, Brown Fredric?" since there are a lot of allusions to Fred Brown's famous short story about the last man on earth who sat alone in a room-- there was a knock on the door. Pretty scary to contemplate till someone suggested it might have been his salvation to discover it was--the last women! Since this is quite a funny/punny story, Uncle Forry has taken the liberty of adding a few touches of his own. We hope even the author will let out a surprise groan or two.

FANTASY:

"No place like Home" by JEFFERY H. ROBERTS

HONORABLE MENTION:

We had not planned on printing any runner-ups but we found "The Baboon that Loved Bubble Gum" so engaging for so young an author (about the age I was in 1929 when I won a short-short story contest in a newspaper) that we are presenting Marley Cote's first professionally published story. Ten years from now when Marley Cote is on the Beast Cellar List, remember where you first encountered the name!

Con-bat-ulations and a plaque personally signed by our judges to the winners. Watch for our next SHORT STORY CONTEST announcement in an upcoming issue of FAMOUS MONSTERS!

Nightfall? Downfall!

by Jim Nemeth

Old One awoke from his trance-like slumber and rose from his coffin. Then, as he had done every night for countless centuries, he walked toward the entrance of the cave that was his home. The cave, set high in a tall, snow-covered mountain, overlooked a populous village which the vampire nightly claimed as his feeding ground.

Old One smiled as he looked down on the valley below him. As he continued to gaze, however, the smile quickly melted into a frown. Something is wrong, he thought to himself. Something is not quite right. The village below looked the same to him as it did every night, and yet something was...different.

A brief moment passed before he realized what was troubling him. "No lights," he whispered into the night air. Here it was, nightfall, yet there was not one torch or fire to be seen lit down in his little village.

"Where are the torches?" he asked of no one. Any other night he could rise, look down below, and see hundreds of little pinpoints of light burning within the huts. They usually lit the night as if the village were visited by a plague of fireflies. Tonight there was...nothing.

Still puzzled, Old One strained his vampiric senses to the limit. With his keen hearing, he could hear that many of the peasants were outside of their huts. Outside? After dark? The vampire felt a vague uneasiness creep over him. But they always lock themselves up long before nightfall, Old One reflected. They're always too terrified to go near their doors or windows until sunrise is upon them! Yet here they are, abandoning the protection of their homes, the safety that the crosses, the garlic and the other hated items afforded them. Why?

"Could they have finally mustered courage in num-



BLACULA (William Marshall) suffers from a chronic case of NECKrophilia.

bers to try to track me down?" he asked himself. Although he knew his location was quite unreachable by any normal means, his question still shot a chill of fear through him.

A scent he was quite familiar with. It was the smell of fear. The villagers were afraid of something. They were scared! Their fear of the vampire had been replaced this night, but Old One did not know by what.

He gazed out at the horizon as he tried to formulate answers to the mysteries below. As he did so, the night itself gave him cause to wonder.

"It's lighter than it should be," he whispered to himself. "But just last night was the first night of the time of the missing moon!" Having had centuries in which to observe the lunar patterns, he knew that the moon should be gone tonight. It should be completely dark!

Yet, there was light of some sort! Very little, to be sure, but enough to cast an eerie illumination over the entire valley floor. In all his years, Old One had never seen such a strange light before. It sent a shiver running through his unliving body. No wonder the villagers were afraid! Old One wanted to see the cause of this weird luminescence but sensed that the source was on the other side of the mountain, out of his current range of sight.

A quickening dread began to settle upon the ancient

vampire. It had been many decades since he had felt this unsettled. Too many puzzles, too many questions to which he had no answers.

A moment passed and the vampire began to gain control over his mind. A question that, coming upon everything else, sent his mind reeling into an uncontrollable panic.

"Why am I not thirsty?" he shouted into the cold night. Every evening, every night he would wake and have the thirst upon him. The inhuman, burning thirst that could be satisfied only one way. But now he felt nothing. NOTHING! "It's as if I'd drunk but an hour ago!" he screamed, this time so loud that he was sure even the villagers had heard his tortured cry.

Gripped by fear, Old One determined that he had to take action of some kind. He intuitively felt his unnatural existence depended on his finding answers to the puzzles that were puzzling him. He decided to go immediately to the village. Once there, he would find a villager apart from any group and seize him. Before taking the fool's life, he would force the wretch to tell him what the strange events meant. "They have to know what is happening", he tried to reason with himself. "They must know!" The vampire instantly transformed to his aerial shape and took to the sky. No sooner was he airborne than he realized something was wrong. Very Wrong. Too warm. Hot. Burning! Too



The mischievous Ek, from **ONE GLORIOUS DAY**, the first fantastic film then 5 1/2 year old Forry Ackerman remembers seeing.

As if--the sun! The Sun! But it couldn't be! It couldn't...

Old One's consciousness ceased to exist, as did his body, as his fleshless skeleton plummeted to earth.

The Villagers, being a simple and uneducated people, never knew exactly why the Vampire's attacks stopped as of that day. They simply assumed the Vampire had fled from their town on that awful day of terror. The day the villagers thought the world was coming to an end. For the Villagers, like the Old One, had never experienced a total eclipse of the sun.

No Place Like Home

by JEFFERY H. ROBERTS

The little creature was wispy and slightly child like in both size and form, with slender limbs and slight build. Its head was bulbous and stark-white with large, soft eyes, which sprung-- Peter Lorre like-- from his face. The mouth was soft and innocent and carried a slight smile much of the time. The ears were but two blackened holes on each side of the head. Most peculiar was the single horn which topped its large-domed cranium.

When the little creature moved about, it was in short, nervous spurts with its head cocked to a curious angle. Yet this diminutive, fragile being moved with a grace all its own, its feet scarcely touching the ground as it tread silently down the hallway of the great house. The only sound was the ticking of a clock or perhaps it was his heart, as the ticking seemed to race faster with each new wonder the little creature encountered as he surveyed his surroundings.

He had come so very far and yet this, he felt, seemed more like home than any other place he'd ever known. The walls were lined with colorful posters of all sizes with the most amazing illustrations--and the books! Shelf upon shelf upon shelf of them, and here there were cases filled high with photographs of astonishing people and places. Surely the little creature thought, this house was unique in all the universe.

And still the feeling persisted that he had somehow been here before, that he was home.

After quite a long time wandering and wondering, the little creature grew weary. He elected to find a place to rest before continuing his explorations. Slightly pushing open the first door he came to, he peered with a single large eye thru the crack. It was another room like the rest, only smaller, --but still everywhere posters, books and photos, toys and in the middle of it all sat a man at his desk. He looked to be at work, perhaps writing or painting, but with a mischievous smile.

Was this the one who lived in this house of wonder?

The little creature forgot all about his weariness as, without a sound, he approached the seated man. Breathlessly, almost trembling, the little creature drew up to the side of the man, who was chuckling slightly to himself. Yes, the man had been writing after all! But what? The little creature had to know!

Careful not to disturb the top of the desk, which was covered with notes, letters and photos, he focused his eyes on the words the man had just written.....

"Welcome Back, Monster Lovers!" it read. A smile became a grin on the face of the man.

And EK knew that he was home.

COLLECT CALL TO UNDERLAND

or 'How Now, Brown Fredric?'

by LEX REIBESTEIN

The last fan on earth sat alone in his tomb. There was a lock on the door.

No windows, however, six miles underground. Even above ground they'd offered no view. It was 19,084 A.D. (After Detonation). Earth above was scorched, barren.

"Windows" lined one wall, however. TV monitors provided views of the blackened fields above, still functioning satellites sent glimpses of the leveled Amazon, the oil flooded Sahara, sunken San Francisco and the early silent city where he'd made his fortune, truly the "City of Angels" now. Back east stood the still burning "D.C." (Devil City), where sorcerers had, in their black magical pentagram, conjured the devastation. It looked like what hell might have looked like. Maybe it was. Maybe it always had been.

For fun he'd sometime pop in some hokey old sci-fi video: "DAY THE WORLD ENDED" or "AFTER-MATH" or maybe the classic "TIME TRAVELERS". Just for comparison's sake. Just to see and hear voices and faces in the wasteland, even if only those ghosts from matinees past.

Along the other walls, floor to ceiling, shelves upon shelves were packed with literature of fantasy and the macabre; every novel, story and article with Dracula, Martians, Leprechauns or killer tomatoes was here. Every magazine, comic book, fanzine, spooky old radio broadcast, movie, TV show and toy, everything a boy of 20,000 could desire. He had finally acquired everything: the Keppler library, the Chin collection, Ellison's Wonderland, the complete works of Poe, Lovecraft,



The Long Arm of Terror reaches for Vincent Price in A.I.P.'s **LAST MAN ON EARTH**



Technician 3 gets ready for the eyes-capades in THE TIME TRAVELERS

King, even the obscure Ida and a gallery of art unsurpassed: Paul Finlay! Bok! Frazetta! Gogos! Askin! Brzezinski! The long suppressed Pye: He had them all, bad read them all, had seen them all, was bored with them all.

The last fan on earth yawned in his tomb. There was a roc on the floor, an Ymir on the shelf. Below it, their creator Harryhausen himself, lay in a case, a case of suspended animation. Siodmak's brain floated in a jar, while propped in his favorite electric chair, tattooed bead to toe, was Bradbury, still effervescent, even in last repose, though no longer boyish, by any means. In the cellar, the mummy of Robert Bloch sat, in his mommy's dress, no longer girlish, in fact very ghoul-ish, in a terrible tosupce.

Yes, the last fan had everything, including the coveted Ackerman stash. The only thing missing was the Ackermomster himself. Somewhere, 4E was a popsicle in a time capsule, waiting to be revived and bring good cheer from the 21st Century.

The last fan smiled sadly. What fun it would be to dig up and resuscitate old EJay... to talk to someone again, who might re-awaken his enthusiasm for these things...for life itself, perhaps. But then he remembered those horrible Ackerman puns and decided it was best to let lying "lycantropes" sleep. Besides, it was still too "bot" outside for spelunking.

The last fan on Earth, Forry N. Gray, turned from thoughts of his namesake to the Albright overhead. Once it was a portrait of his handsome, youthful self. Ab, but those portraits a thousand years ago had still resembled something human, alive. When last he

looked, it showed a pile of raggedy bones. Now only a lump of dust was represented. Sighing, he downed a handful of Yowse-mins. Restorative energy zipping thru his being, he leapt to his feet and began to pace the silent corridors of his tomb.

Suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at the door. He started.

"It's some blasted bird" he muttered, "flapping on the outer door. Only this, and nothing more".

But then came a beeping from the console below. Sensors warning that something warm and bigger than a bread box was moving up the veranda. He checked the radar screen: a blip pulsed in its center. He upped the periscope, peered into the gloom. By the glow of the local swamp gas he could indeed see someone, something? But the murk made it impossible to identify.

He waited for this moment for centuries! Yet now he found himself paralyzed! Fear overtook him. He trembled.

Knock, Knock!

"Wb--wbo's there?" he sputtered into the mike reflexively, despite the millennia of disuse.

"Nevermore" a muffled voice replied.

"So it is a bird," he thought to himself, himself being the only one he could think to, or so he thought. "But it must be some kind of a mutant bird, a big, nasty, bungry mutant monster bird, like--like--THE GIANT CLAW, for Rick's sake! My God, that's scary. What will I do?"

"How 'bout opening the dang door!" the visitor complained. "I'm not a bird or a mutant and I'm not here to hurt you!"

Shocked, Gray shouted, "But you just read my mind! You must be a mutant!"

"I only knew what you were thinking because I too have been cooped up underground all these years after spending a lifetime reading Science Fiction and watching all those imagi-movies. I've been there brother! I know how your mind works! Now, please let me in! It's raining Bats and Frogs out here!"

Gray looked again thru the periscope and saw that was indeed the case. Instinctively, his compassionate Jekyll side pressed the batcb-release. Listening to the bum of the descending elevator, his paranoid Hyde side cursed himself.

"It's ACKERMAN!" he concluded. "And he wants his STUFF back! Aarrgh! What will I do?"

The elevator stopped. Decontamination. Locks unlocked. The outer door opened. Thru a peephole Gray could see, at the end of the hall, the stranger in his protective suit, standing in the dim light, brushing the bats off his shoulders and kicking the frogs so hard from his boots, they croaked. Then he approached the inner door, carrying behind him a long, heavy box, lidded, like...a COFFIN?

Gray fell back in his chair, terrorized. Slowly, the last door slid open. The figure dragged the box inside, turned to the incredulous fan and said, "Trick or treat!"

Gray lost all composure. "Take it all! Most of it was yours to begin with, anyway! Just don't hurt me! I'm too old to die!"

The mystery man shook his booded head. "I REPEAT: I don't want to hurt you! Behold! I bring you tidings of great joy!" Gesturing toward the forbidding looking crate, he pressed a key into his host's quivering hand.

"Who--what's in it?" Gray whimpered. "It looks like a CASKET! Tell me, spirit, are these the shadows



SCHLOCK, the Banana Monster mugs for the camera. Onlookers don't seem to find him very appealing.

of things that must be, or only of things that might be? I'm not the man I was! Believe me, spirit, I'm not the---

"Cut the melodramatics, Bucko Rogers! This is the gift of Life. For all your preparations and precautions, it's the one thing you forgot to bring."

Confused, but finally curious, Gray resigned himself, and turned the key. The lid sprang softly open.

Before him lay the most beautiful maiden he'd ever seen, Aladoree! Norhala! Vampiress! Yvala! Marilyn! Marlene! Madonna! - All rolled into one. When he managed to tear his eyes away, he noticed the portrait tacked under the lid: just like his, a picture of dust, only prettier. A plaque revealed her name, Camellia Lenore.

He looked again at the sleeping beauty. Her eyes flickered open, she looked upon him, smiled, touched his hand. Before either could speak, the sound of electronic doors distracted them.

"Who was that masked man?" she asked as the elevator hummed.

"The best friend I ever had," he laughed. "At first I thought he was a bird...but now, it's plain...he's superfan!"

They heard the outer hatch closing and an engine revving thru the speaker. And they heard him exclaim as drove out of sight,

"Happy Halloween to All and to All a Good Fright!"

Be fruitful and multiply! Let there be light!"

Suddenly the TV monitors grew brighter. The couple gazed at the screens. The blackness that shrouded the planet was gone! The clear sky glittered with starlight and moonlight! On the horizon the unmasked sun climbed to new heights, healing the Earth.

Soon the lovers and other survivors could climb from their shelters to make friends and families and committees with each other and the descendants of space travelers returning to earth. They'd plant the seeds which had been stored in space, green sprouts would grow into forests, critters would creep, crawl, swim and fly free. And maybe it wouldn't go sour again.

The lovers embraced. It would be a while before they would step out into the bright new future. But they had all the time and Yowss-mins in the world. And he had so much to show her.

She made him laugh, she made him sing. She made him think and care again. She made him horny as a Triceratops! She made him a father. She made him happy. She was fun.

The last fan on Earth sang along with her groom. There was a sign on the door, when at last they arrived.

"Open, Sesame" So they did. And they let little Dorothy Alice go first.

One small step for a child. One giant leap for fanking
The New Beginning

THE BABOON THAT LOVED BUBBLE GUM

by Marley Cote

I once met a Baboon in an alley and he mugged me. When I got up, all that was missing was my strawberry bubble gum.

I went and called the police. Three days later they found him and took him to jail for two months.

He got out on Halloween. Unfortunately we dressed-up as bubble gum. I don't think you want to know the rest...but I will tell you any way.

He ate us!!!!!!

**WELCOME TO FORREST JACKERMAN'S
35TH ANNIVERSARY**

**FAMOUS
MONSTERSTM
OF FILMLAND
WORLDCON!**

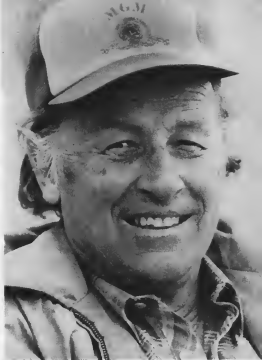
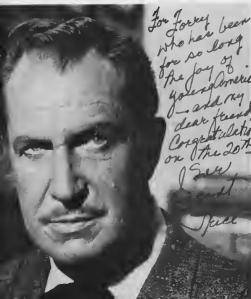
We bid you welcome!

Four scares and seven fears ago, our Forry-Father brought forth upon this kong-tinent a new notion, deadiicated to the proposition that all monsters are created!

Now, we join together to celebrate the 35th Anniversary of the "One-Shot Heard 'Round the World"! Read on! Meet the plethora of ghost-stars who have journeyed thru time and space to join the revelry! Feast on the exciting Acktivities waiting to do you in!



Ray Bradbury
Vincent the Venerated



Ray Harryhausen

MEET OUR GHOSTS OF HONOR

ray bradbury

The Martian Chronicler. The Wizard of Words. Incredible stories have sprouted from his brain like spray from Moby Dick for over a half a century. Each time he sits down to the typewriter (which is daily) Something Wicked or Wonderful springs from his enchanted fingertips. Playwright, Poet, Prophet, Lecturer, TV Personality, Buck Rogers Booster, Harryhausen Pal, Fireman (Badge #451), Airplane Pilot and Forry Fan-- Oz's Gift to the Wonderful World of Futuria Fantasia.

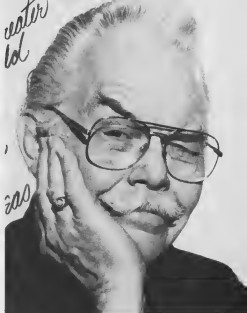
ray harryhausen

Best friend Sinbad ever had. The same to be said of Jason and the Argonauts, Mighty Joe Young (rumored son of King Kong), Gwangi of the Valley, the Ymir that came 20 Million Miles to Earth, H.G. Wells' Selenites inside the Moon, the rampaging Rhedosaurus, the world's first and only Sexopus that surfaced in San Francisco from beneath the bay, the third musketeer in the original Bat Pack including Forry Ackerman and Ray Bradbury. Co-creator, with his regal wife Diana, of Vanessa the Wonder-Girl. Surely the Most Animated Man on Earth or Moon.



Richard Matheson

Robert Bloch



Frank Kelly Freas

robert bloch

The man who supports the dye industry by turning hair white. THE SKULL, THE PSYCHOPATH, THE DEADLY BEES, TORTURE GARDEN, THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, ASYLUM, multiple episodes of Thriller, Star Trek, Night Gallery. Currently engaged in a project to bring A. Merritt's "Seven Footprints to Satan" to the screen. PS: sez he never heard of PSYCHO--that he was too young and his Mother wouldn't let him see a picture like that.

frank kelly freas

Known throughout the industry as the "Dean of Science Fiction Artists", Kelly's style often has a humorous bent to it. He's been responsible for a number of covers for Amazing Stories, Planet Stories...has won more Hugos than he has room to display. Author of "A Separate Star", his Freas Frames Collector Cards from Dynacomm showcase 90 of his best works. He is the gentle genius behind both this issue's cover and the FM-Con '93 Poster.

richard matheson

Sci-Fi scripter extraordinaire! THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, SOMEWHERE IN TIME, numerous episodes of The Twilight Zone. A rare convention appearance by a rare talent.



Ann Robinson

Angus Scrimm



Joe Dante

ann robinson

This is an Anniversary for the feminine star of WAR OF THE WORLDS, 40 years since the Martians attacked the Earth. As you will see, she has survived the motion picture and television invasions, discovered the Fountain of Youth and become more glamorous with each passing year. If you're old enough, you'll also remember her as Juliandra in the "Rocky Jones, Space Ranger" TV series.

angus scrimm

Rhymes with 'grim' but you'll find him to be in the select company of Karloff, Cushing and Price as far as being nice. He grows in stature with each sequel to PHANTASM, in which he made his mark as The Tall Man. Will soon be seen in PHANTASM III.

joe dante

Author of the legendary letter to Uncle Furry which became the foundation for the infamous 'Dante's Inferno' article in FM 15. A protégé of Roger Corman, Joe helmed GREMLINS, THE HOWLING and most recently MATINEE.

brinke stevens

Don't let her beauty blind you to her brains. She's brilliant enough to have collaborated with A.E. van Vogt, scripted her own scenarios, produced and directed screenplays. Her exotic, erotic charisma dis-



Curt Siodmak

Yvette Vickers



played in **SLAVE GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY** and a score or more other genre films, she's out of this world but very down to earth.

curt siodmak

Like a god from Mount Olympus, he determined the fates of many a poor mortal & monster...when Frankenstein met the Wolf Man...when Dr. Corey saved **DONOVAN'S BRAIN**, when they built the **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**, when **F.P.I Didn't Answer**, when the **HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** fell...he called the shots. He was an extra on the streets of **METROPOLIS**. Had Curt not put pen to paper, many of the greatest sci-fi & horror films would not have been made. At 90+, he's one of the most fascinating men you'll ever meet. But watch out for him when the moon is full--"Even a man who is pure in heart..." You know the rest.

gloria stuart

Wow! To have costarred with Boris Karloff, Claude Rains, Raymond Massey, Ernest Thesiger, Charles Laughton...I Highly visible in **THE INVISIBLE MAN** ("...that funny little hat, Flora, how I loved that funny little hat you always wore..."), terrorized in **THE OLD DARK HOUSE**, sweetheart of the Last Man on Earth in **IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE--** that's glorious Gloria!

john agar

Sci-fi's favorite film hero! Terrorized by **TARANTULA**, host to **THE BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS**, witnessed the **REVENGE OF THE CREATURE**, saved the molested heroine from **THE MOLE PEOPLE**...he also Duked it out with John Wayne in **SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON**.

john landis

A graduate of the Famous Monsters School of Inspiration, he is the man responsible for casting (some say not far enough) the Ackmonster in **SCHLOCK, KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE**, **MICHAEL JACKSON'S 'THRILLER'**, **AMAZON WOMEN ON THE MOON** and **INNOCENT BLOOD**. This is your opportunity to stop him before he Ackspose further innocent audiences to FJA!

rick baker

Monster Maker! As Ray Harryhausen became the #1 disciple of Willis O'Brien, so Rick has followed in the (Kong-size) footsteps of Dick Smith and is himself today an acknowledged master of makeup. He's manufactured movie miracles in the remake of **KING KONG**, **AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON**, **STAR WARS**, **GREMLINS** and **GORILLAS IN THE MIST** along with a few dozen more. PS: He's a sweetheart!

hobbie bressee

Another acclaimed discovery by the Ackmonster! From Playboy Bunny to Horrorwood Honey, she is the cursed lady in **MAUSOLEUM**, the victim of a vile potion in **EVIL SPAWN** and ghosted by the **GHOULIES**. When you meet her, if you notice a glamorous glow ala Marilyn Monroe, you're far from alone! A vibrant and vivacious vixen!



Gloria Stuart



John Landis



John Agar



Bobbie Bresee



Terri Pinckard

Bjo Trimble



zacherley

The Titan of TV Horror-Hosts! If you hail from Philly, you may remember him as Roland. Singing (?) star of the Halloween hallmark "Dinner With Drac". A perennial presence in the East Coast arena, he can be heard now-a-days on Saturday mornings from 8am-11am on New York FM radio's K-Rock station. His sinister smile has graced the covers of FM #7 and #15

walter j. daugherty

Photographer of the Mon-Stars. The first 190 issues of Famous Monsters were alive with the stills he shot.. He has photographically snatched the souls of Boris Karloff (among his Karloff portraits was the one Karloff himself deemed his favorite), Barbara Steele, Fritz Lang, Karl Freund, Ray Bradbury, Ray Harryhausen, Ingrid Pitts, Peter Cushing, John Carradine, Jane Seymour, Lon Chaney, Jr., Vincent Price and scores more. If a man with a camera stalks you at the Convention, watch out. You may be Walt's next victim!

jim danforth

He's come a long way since the day he first appeared in FMOF. Among his special effects and animation credits are WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH, JACK THE GIANT KILLER, JOURNEY TO THE 7TH PLANET, THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO, FLESH GORDON and THE DAY TIME ENDED. His talent was also seen for 3 years in the Outer Limits series.

jack larson

Forever Jimmy Olsen to generations of Superman fans, currently winning over a whole new generation with the original 1950's 'Adventures of Superman' broadcasts on the Nickelodeon cable network. Since hanging up his bow-tie, Jack has distinguished himself as a writer and producer (BIG CITY-BRIGHT LIGHTS, PERFECT and the just released operatic CD of LORD BYRON among his many credits).

noel neill

How many 50's and 60's boys had an incurable crush on Noel's Lois Lane! (Remember 'The Tomb of Zaharan'?) She played the Daily Planet's ace lady reporter in the original SUPERMAN serials then revived the character for the 'Adventures of Superman' TV series with George Reeves. A bright lady with a contagious smile!

basil gogos

If one picture is worth a thousand words, Gogos has painted the equivalent of a library! As Lugosi was to Dracula, Karloff to Frankenstein, Chaney to the Phantom, so Gogos was to FMOF. No cover artist was (is) more admired during the halcyon days of FM.

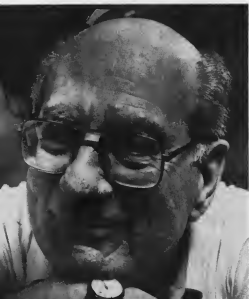
dwight frye, jr.

It's a delight to have the son of "Renfield" among us. His famous dad played various characters in FRANKENSTEIN, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE INVISIBLE MAN, THE VAMPIRE BAT, THE CRIME OF DR. CRESPI, DEAD MEN WALK and numerous other genre films. Dwight Jr., is a record producer.



**Noel Neill and Jack Larson with super-friend, George Reeves.
Julius Schwartz**

Bela George Lugosi





John Zacherle, the "Cool Ghoul".

Brinke Stevens



yvette vickers

Beside appearing as the femme fatale in **THE ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN**, the beautiful damsel distressed by the **ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEACHES**, Yvette has maintained an impressive night club singing career and is working on a script based on the life of F. Scott Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda.

bill malone

When your eyes are dazzled by the figure of Ultima Futura Automaton, the Metropolis Robot, you'll be looking at the results of the year and a half Bill and Bob Short spent re-creating her. Besides being a maestro of model making, he is a talented director and filmmaker, **SCARED TO DEATH** and **CREATURE** among the titles he has brought to the screen. PS: He's also Robby the Robot's room mate.

sara karloff

The Lady with Lots of Fathers! Her Father was the Frankenstein monster, Fu Manchu, Im-ho-tep, the Ghoul, Dr. Neiman, discoverer of The Invisible Ray--and all the while, lurking behind the Mask of the Monster, he was...the Santa Claus of the Science-Fantasy Film Genre, bringing thrills and chills to millions for over 4 decades.

bela george lugosi

A prominent Los Angeles lawyer, his heritage is the proud honor of being the son of the actor, who nearly 40 years after his death, is still displaying his terror talent on TV and video from Taiwan to Transylvania! His Dad was, and forever will be, the one and only...Count Dracula!

ron chaney

Handsome enough to be a movie star himself, the grandson of Lon Chaney, Jr. and the great-grandson of Lon Chaney, Sr. has two darling daughters, one of whom is taking acting lessons so--who knows? The Girl of a Thousand Graces?

eric hoffman

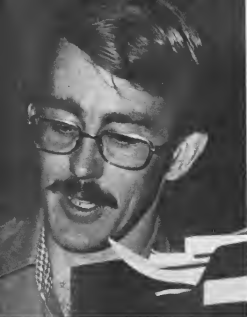
"The FM Answer Man", The Living Encyclopedia of filmmonsterdom. Readers of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** could always rely on him for the information they sought, such as "How did the She Creature die?" or "How many planes did King Kong swat out of the sky?"

terri pinckard

A perennial figure on the sf scene. Author of hundreds of articles and short genre stories, she, along with husband Tom, started one of the original sf encounter groups, The Pinckard Science Fiction Writer's Salon, back in the 1950's. Make it a point to chat with this fascinating lady during the weekend. And don't miss the sequel to "Monsters Are Good For My Children" in this issue. PS: she's also the official biographer for Forrest J Ackerman.

conrad brooks

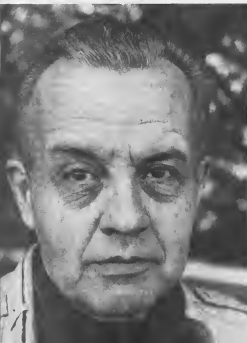
One of the friendliest and most animated chaps you'll ever meet. Remembered for **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE** and character portrayals in other films by the (in)famous Ed Wood, Jr.



Jim Danforth
Dwight Frye, Jr.



Walt Daugherty
Rick Baker





Sara Karloff Sparkman

Ron Chaney



robby the robot

Granddaddy of all movie robots! Born on Altair 4 in 1958, he migrated to Earth in 1959 to befriend THE INVISIBLE BOY. Over the years he has been seen, in various guises, in HOLLY WOOD BOULEVARD, episodes of *Columbo*, *The Twilight Zone*, *Dobbie Gillis* and dozens more. Able to deliver, on order, ten tons of lead or a slinky evening gown. Also great for replicating large quantities of Genuine Ancient Rocket Bourbon.

no time to sleep

There'll be plenty to keep you busy as Dracula at a blood bank during the three terror-ific days of FJA's FAMOUS MONSTERCON '93!

If you've never been to the Ackermansion in Horrorwood (or even if you have) your eyes will pop out of your head as you wander aimlessly around the ACKERMUSEUM (located in the Patomac Rooms 1,2,3 and 4 on the C-2 concourse). Here you'll find a marvelous myriad of magical, mystical memorabilia gathered from the House of Ack and his friends. You'll see the Metropolis Robotrix, the Capital Dome, the Treasury Building and a saucer from EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS, the lighthouse destroyed by the BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, the Roman Columns from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, the Dick Smith Dorian Gray head from WAY OUT, a display of incredible animation props from the original KING KONG, the idol from RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK, the Ferry building and the Golden Gate Bridge destroyed when IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA, the Ray Harryhausen lifemask of Forrest J Ackerman, Lon Chaney's Makeup Kit, a Zanti Misfit, the ROCKETEER's helmet, one of the C57D spaceship models, one of Morbius' outfits, the real, live Id and, of course, Robby the Robot. Plus lots more!

You'll see dozens and dozens of incredible, original one-sheets, lobbycards and stills from the Ackerman Collection, along with toys, issues of rare, early sf magazines such as *Planet Stories* and *Amazing Stories* (including the one that jumped off the newsstand, grabbed hold of Forry and said "Take me home, little boy. You will love me!"), the Cinema 57 issue that inspired FAMOUS MONSTERS back in '58, an amazing display of art from Forry's collection, original manuscripts, Forry's incredible edition of Dracula--signed by all the major actors associated with the role, his edition of Frankenstein signed by Elsa Lanchester, and hundreds of other odds and ends from the deepest recesses of Grislyland and beyond. Recommended time to see it all: 4 days. (but pace yourself).

giants among civilized men

Who loves ya, Vincent and Gene and Isaac?

We do!

Don't miss taking a few minutes to jot down a few lines of love for these three Titans of Humanity. You'll find the displays located on the C-1 concourse near the entrance to the Dealer's Expo. After the Convention, the respective bound volume with all the messages from attendees will be presented to Mrs. Isaac Asimov, Mrs. Majel Barrett Roddenberry and to our special convention Honoree-- Vincent Price.



Basil Gogos

terror talk

Consult the convention pocket guide for a complete listing of seminars and events locations and times. We don't envy you having to make up your mind as to which ones you want to see! The Main Shows will be held in the Regency Ballroom, located on level C-2 and smaller, intimate panels and discussions will be held in the Conference Theater or the Washington Room, also on C-2. Special shows include:

Meet the Horrorwood Bat Pack: Ray, Ray and Forry
Famous Monsters & Me: with FJA, John Landis, Joe Dante, Basil Gogos, Rick Baker, Walt Daugherty, Terri Pinckard, Eric Hoffman and a host of other surprise guests.

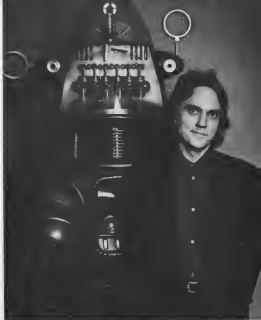
The Way Were Were: FJA, Julius Schwartz, Tom and Terri Pinckard, Walt Daugherty and Bjo Trimble take you back to the early days of sf fandom. We don't recommend this show to anybody under 60 cause you'll be in tears all weekend after you find out what you missed!

An Hour With Ray Bradbury: 'nuff said.

The Grand Master of Animation: Ray Harryhausen talks about his incredible career, his days with Willis O'Brien and George Pal. As an added bonus, we'll be screening some of Ray's early garage-days experiments in the film room. Check your pocket guide for times.

Legendary Lon: Forry and author Michael Blake discuss the career of the Man of a Thousand Faces. Includes a special showing of Lon's own home movies shot on the set of the **HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME!**

It's a Universal Picture, Folks: Curt Siodmak, Gloria Stuart and film historian Ron Borst remember the glory days of the world's most famous monster movie studio.



Bill Malone & Robby the Robot

The Heritage of Our Four Fathers: Sara Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Jr., Ron Chaney and Dwight Frye, Jr. talk about their famous dads.

Monsters and Madmen in the '50's: John Agar, Richard Matheson, Conrad Brooks, Yvette Vickers and Joe Dante discuss those fabulous films made during the dawn of the atomic age.

Modern Monsters and Mayhem: John Landis, Angus Scrimm, Jim Danforth, Rick Baker and Bill Malone discuss production of sci-fi and horror films for today's audience.

SF on TV: Ann Robinson talks about her days in the dual roles of Juliandra and Noviandra in the 1950's space adventure series *Rocky Jones*, *Space Ranger* and Bjo Trimble discusses the evolution of space TV into the phenomenon of *Star Trek*.

It's a Bird...It's a Plane...By George, It's Superman! In a special convention appearance, Jack Larson and Noel Neill remember George Reeves, John Hamilton, Robert Shane and their days as Jimmy Olsen and Lois Lane on the beloved "Adventures of Superman" series. Hosted by Julius Schwartz, former editor of the Superman series of DC comics.

The Ghoulen Days of Radio: A little imagination can be a frightening thing! Brad Linaweaver takes you back to the days when radio was king! Hear segments from Orson Welles' infamous radio adaptations of the **WAR OF THE WORLDS**, **DONOVAN'S BRAIN** and **DRACULA!** Plus a brand new series of radio plays hosted by The Ackermanster, scheduled to be broadcast this summer on public radio.

The Art of Science Fiction With Frank Kelly Freas: The Dean of SF Artists demonstrates the techniques and design of science fiction illustration. This is a hands-on workshop where you'll actually create a work



Conrad Brooks

Eric Hoffman



of art under Kelly's guiding hand. Whether you're a professional or aspiring amateur or just interested in trying your hand at this fascinating artform, you won't want to miss Kelly's presentation. Drawing materials will be available for purchase at the seminar.

My Friend, Robby: Robby the Robot's owner, Bill Malone, talks about the world's most famous robot and the making of **FORBIDDEN PLANET**.

a piece of the ack-tion

Here's your chance to take home a piece of history! Forry will be holding a special "Son of the Ackermuseum Auction" where you'll be able to bid on some selected items from his famed collection. Manuscripts, paintings, FMOF memorabilia and scores more will be on the block. Prince Sirki, himself, will be on hand for those who want to mortgage their souls...the rest can use their Visa, Mastercard or cash.

it's horrorwood squares!

A Friday night you'll never forget! Come cheer our brave contestants as they match wits with host Zacherley and our panel of celebrity guests in this crazy version of Tic-Tac-Tomb. Great prizes! Think you know your monsters? Wanna be a contestant? Sign up Friday afternoon at the Convention Information desk located by the entrance to the Dealer's Expo on level C-1.

the satyr-day night monster-bash!

Even Vassaria never witnessed a night of terror like we have planned! See!-- wild fans dressed in outrageous costumes struggle to the death to win the coveted Ackermuseum Awards for Best Costumes! See!--hundreds of 12 feet high Famous Monsters slither across the wall! Hear!--the anguished sounds of horrible Halloween songs from the graveyard of haunted hits! Witness!-- the chilling never-before-seen-by-mortalman sacred ceremony performed by the Ackermuseum commemorating Famous Monsters departed! Then, if you dare to remain... If you've completely lost your mind... You'll be a captive victim of the most frightening experience known to man... You'll hide your face in shame for having dared participate in this unspeakable ritual...You'll--Dare We Say It?-- You'll *SING ALONG WITH UNCLE FORRY!* Sci-fi hits, Jolson jamborees and a scare score of tormented tunes from the depths of decades gone by. (We'll even provide lyric sheets!)

In addition to all of this, there will be several other seminars dealing with a variety of topics of interest to Famous Monsters fans. Check your pocket guide for locations and times.

tallow-vision time travel

Don't forget to stop by the official FM-CON booth, located right inside the entrance to the Dealer's Expo and pre-order your copy of *FJA'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY FAMOUS MONSTERCON: THREE DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD* (at a discount pre-order price) -- the complete video documentary/souvenir of the 35th Anniversary Famous Monsters of Film and Worldcon. Loaded with behind-the-scenes clips, celebrity guest interviews and highlights from all the seminars and shows. You'll get an insiders look at the Monster Fan Event of a Lifetime and you'll be able to relive this incredible weekend for years to come! Be the envy of your friends! Show 'em what they missed!



Gene Reynolds, Forry and Ray Ferry, in England at the tomb of Bram Stoker during the filming of **FORREST J ACKERMAN'S AMAZING WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY.**

descendants of fritz

Let's face it. You can't make a monster without good help. There's brains to be stolen, hodies to be un-earthed and brought to the lab, electrodes to be attached, visitors to the tower to be entertained (they always seem to show up at the most inopportune moments), and god-help-you if your cosmic diffuser needs tweaking before the storm rises! It would be unjust (not to mention unhealthy) if we did not give credit to the many dedicated individuals who have followed in the proud footsteps of Fritz, working and slaving endless hours for their Acker-Master, to bring this Monstercon to life. In producing it, I now know how Dr. Frankenstein must have felt. In fact, as I write this, I seem to hear him in the recesses of my mind... "It's just resting...waiting for new life to come". "But this time we're ready, eh Fritz? Ready!"

--RAY FERRY

DIE-RECTOR AND EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
FJA'S 35th ANNIVERSARY
FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND WORLDCON

GENE REYNOLDS
DEALER EXPO MANAGER

HEIDI GIBSON
TICKETS AND GENERAL SALES MANAGER

DON BENNETT
STAGINO AND VIDEO PRODUCTION MANAGER

FRANK YETMAN
AUDIO VISUAL STAGINO MANAGER

RALPH FERRY
FINANCIAL SUPERVISOR

This Event is a DYNACOMM production

A special thanks and a tip-o-the-hat to:

Gary and Sue Svehla for arranging many of the fan-based seminars and for their friendship and support since the beginning of this project.

Steve Dolnick for doing the 'Collecting Famous Monsters' seminar

Jessie Lilly for helping arrange the Jack Larson/Noel Neill appearances

Rose Amareno for those fabulous late-night meals
Fred Collins for his generous support

Eric Calden of Hollywood Book & Poster for providing the films

Wes Shank- Forbidden Planet Memorabilia

Mrs. Joshua Meador- Forbidden Planet artwork
Diedra McMillan, Manuel Noronha, Dena Mosley
and the staff of the Hyatt Regency Crystal City for proving themselves to be the "beast in the business"

Boh Cornish- Freedman Decorators

Natalie Arango- Arco Travel

Doug Whitnack-Continental Airlines

Dennis Druktenis- Scary Monsters Magazine

Tim Davis- Monster Maker Journal

Daryl Myeski- Screem Magazine

Al Shevy- World of Fandom Magazine

Frank Breece for the advice on Horrorwood Squares
Davis Messaro for the great Harryhausen Reel
special thanks to all the Ackerfans for attending
and, of course, our heartfelt thanks to **FORREST J ACKERMAN**, without whom....

WHAT GLORY PRICE!

an appreciation of vincent

BY RONALD V. BORST

Editor's Note: My friend Ron Borst contributed numerous articles to FMOF and legendary fanzine Photon, today operates Hollywood Movie Posters, a major source for fantasy film memorabilia in Culver City and is the acclaimed creator of the instant-classic Imagi-book based on his world-class personal collection of posters and lobby cards, GRAVEN IMAGES. He is well-qualified to produce this well-deserved tribute to Vincent the Venerated, one of nature's rare noblemen in the charismatic company of Boris Karloff and Peter Cushing.

This special 200th issue of Famous Monsters serves not only to celebrate the 35th anniversary of Forry Ackerman's classic magazine but presents all of us with a splendid forum and welcome opportunity to express our appreciation of a man whose career has

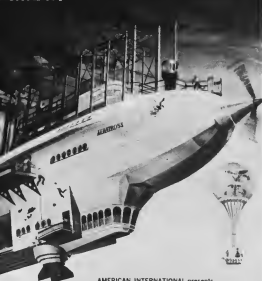
brought so much pleasure to all of us over the years. Vincent Price.

For me these memories have their roots in 1960. I was 13 years old and just that March discovered my first issue of Famous Monsters (issue seven) on the newsstand. During summer vacation I participated in a summer school activity contest and managed to win a buck in cash prizes. Now, this monetary reward was only good at the local drugstore which happened to sponsor the contests and rather than blow my winnings on mundane things such as soda and candy, I hoarded the sum, waiting in anticipation for the arrival of FM #9. I didn't have long to wait; the store got its usual allotment of FM's, namely one copy (yes, one copy, which of course was all my town needed since I was the only resident monster fan anyway). And what a gorgeous cover it had. It was the first issue to feature the brilliant work of Basil Gogos, who would of course, quickly become the magazine's most-remembered (an



The Crown Prince of Poe-formers, Vincent the Venerated as Roderick Usher in Roger Corman's film about the fall of the house of the same name.

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most readers' favorite) cover artist. His subject for that issue...Vincent Price in the role of Roderick Usher in the first of the Roger Corman-directed films.

ushering in vincent

As a kid who would later spend his life enjoying movies and collecting film memorabilia, my movie life as a child of the 50's could only be described as pitiful. Because I didn't live near a theater in those years and I missed out on seeing the finest of Price's 50's films: *HOUSE OF WAX*, *THE MAD MAGICIAN*, *HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL*, *THE FLY* and *THE TINGLER*. I had seen him, not knowing really who he was in the *TEN COMMANDMENTS* (who can forget Heston's question to him "Are you a master builder or a master butcher?"), *THE BIG CIRCUS*, and the lesser sequel, *RETURN OF THE FLY*. But it was *HOUSE OF USHER* which served as my introduction to Vincent Price, forever cementing face with name in mind. To this day, I still consider Richard Matheson's carefully constructed dialogue and Price's quiet yet subtly menacing delivery of those lines in the film's early scenes (on how even the slightest of sounds affects Roderick Usher) among the finest moments in any of the Poe films which would follow.

magnificent obsession

Like many of you, FM became the jumping off point for me; the catalyst which lead to my obsession to view every horror/fantasy/sf film, old & new, no matter how insufferably bad, whether via telecast or at the movies. And of course I had to have each and every issue of every monster magazine which had sprung up in the wake of FM's success. That obsession --to collect every periodical and book on fantastic films--is one which remains with me to this day. Thus, I got to know Vincent Price about as well as any one who didn't personally know him could really know him.

Now, I am 45 years-old and I have spent the better part of my own life growing up and growing older watching this remarkable man. Really--how truly fortunate we have all been --film fans and buffs as we all are-- to have had the luck--the opportunity to experience this man's career first hand as he himself forged and experienced it. And for those of us who had the opportunity of meeting or knowing this man, the experience is all the more multiplied. On several occasions I had the privilege of being in Vincent's company and on every occasion attest that he is considerate with either VIP or the shyest of fans seeking an autograph. But he is not above playing a practical joke. He once introduced director Don Taylor to my unsuspecting wife as Billy Wilder!

Most readers are already overly familiar with the details of his life and the purpose of this piece is not to be just another biographical sketch. Still I feel that many of these facts & memories about this truly unique & gifted performer should again be cited, if only briefly.

did you know

Vincent Leonard Price Jr. was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on May, 27 1911. It is here that unwritten tradition seems to command any writer to note Price and fellow actor Christopher Lee share the same birthday although not the same year of birth and that their



The Face That Launched a Thousand Shrieks! The fire-scarred face from the HOUSE OF WAX.



Peter Lorre and Vincent try on the latest thing in hemp rope from Tie-wan in *THE RAVEN*.

colleague Peter Cushing was born on May 26, again in a different year. I've now provided the obligatory trivia note for those among you who just might have missed it elsewhere. Price was the third child of four children and along with the Chaney's, Senior and Junior, is the most famous of American-born actors to be dubbed "horror king". In fact, so American is Price, he has declared that he couldn't bear to live anywhere else but in this country.

the day we saw the man of clay

As many of us enjoy our first film-going experience to be that of a fantastic nature (*THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS* was mine), Price's was appropriately enough, Paul Wegener's *THE GOLEM* (1920). Before reaching High School he was introduced to three of the things which would forever shape his destiny and which he still enjoys—acting, art and travel. In 1933, his interest in art compelled the young student to travel to Great Britain in the hopes of obtaining a Master's Degree at the University of London in Art and it was while he was in England that Price fell in love with and became involved with the theater. His talents were recognized early on and he was given the co-starring role opposite Helen Hayes in *VICTORIA REGINA*. The play was a major critical and commercial success and when it finally toured the

States, a talent scout from Universal spotted him and the result was a 7-year contract with that studio.

a typical part

The rest, we all know is history. In retrospect it is amusing to note that Vincent's first screen contact was with Universal, which only the year before had decided not to make any more horror films, thereby ringing down the curtain on Hollywood's first golden era. Instead of appearing in the type of role which would later earn him world-wide fame & recognition, Pierce was cast as a tractor Salesman in the modest screwball comedy, *SERVICE DELUXE*. This film's lackluster receipts led Universal executives to loan Price out to rival studios before casting him opposite Karloff & Rathbone in their own historical opus, *TOWER OF LONDON* (1939)

baptism of blasphemy

And of course at this point, again unwritten tradition demands of the writer, one must mention the wonderful scene in *TOWER*, in which Price out-drinks Rathbone, only to find himself unceremoniously dumped into a vat of wine by Basil & Boris, who had secretly littered the huge barrel with cigarette butts and bottles, thereby presenting Vincent with his offi-

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While we wait to hear from you, here's a Poe-pouri of dear friends--departed but never forgotten.



"Now, I'll count to 100 and you go and hide!" says the Mighty Tor (Johnson) in THE UNEARTHLY.



Claude Rains telepathed his regrets he couldn't be with us at the Famous Monsterscon, so he sent an autographed photo of himself, with lovely Gloria Stuart, for this issue instead. Wish you could read the inscription, but it's written with Invisible Ink.



He took us hundreds of thousands of years into the future, introduced us to the inhabitants of the Red Planet, set our sights on **DESTINATION: MOON**, made sure some of us survive **WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE** and always managed to be the most congenial of gentlemen. That's my Pal, George!.

cial Hollywood baptism!

a household name

The following year Price made the first of many memorable "house" titled films, **HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES** going on to become a "horror hero" in **THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS**. One can only wonder if Price might not have been cast in films such as **THE WOLF MAN** but for the presence of Lon Chaney Jr., whose very name Universal chose to capitalize on by making him their resident monster man.

laurels for laura

During the 40's Price appeared in all manners of film genres, ranging from historical to musicals, comedies to melodrama and of course, the decade's own developed genre, film noir, with Price appearing in the classic **LAURA**. It was during this time that he would co-star in the picture he would later recall as being his favorite out of all of his films--**THE EVE OF ST. MARKS**. Following that and other films, Vincent's murdering doctor gave psychiatry a bad name in **SHOCK** and his voice provided the final note of merriment in Universal's swan song to its classic monsters, **ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**, the first of many voice-overs Price would provide during his career. Vincent found time to woo & wed Edith Barrett in 1938, by whom he had a son, Vincent Barrett Price. He later father a daughter, Mary Victoria, by his second wife, Mary Grant, whom he had married in 1949.

waxing enthusiastic over the genre

Price's film career might have gone in any of several directions but for 1953's **HOUSE OF WAX**. Price had decided to accept the film offer rather than star in **We're No Angels on Broadway** and never regretted it. This picture the most famous and popular of all 3-D films, essentially began his type casting as a horror star. Price has always felt that this type of Movie gave him a fame he probably never would have had otherwise. Like his peers Karloff and later Christopher Lee, Price always has been put off by the term "horror" with respect to defining the film he is most famous for. Rather, he prefers, the appellation "Gothic" defining the films as "characterized by a gloomy setting, grotesque events and an atmosphere of decay." Unpretentiously, Price has always defended "Gothic" films, on one occasion stating that it is a falsehood that such film are made to appeal to 12 year old minds; that there really is nothing at all wrong with "fine minds reverting to that age level for relaxation." Personally, Price has always been on record as not only loving to make horror films but loving to watch them as well. He has continually referred to himself as an "old ham" and one who has never been afraid of setting himself up; "The moment I take myself too seriously is the time I know to laugh because it is all so ridiculous." In fact, it is that marvelous unique sense of humor which has gotten him through an enormous number of less than good films. When once queried if he objected to being remembered solely for his work in the horror field, he characteristically replied, "No, so long as they spell my name right and are totally true."

Don't miss the conclusion of this article in FM #201. Rare photos and a big sur-Price bonus for you!



What does a famous monster of filmland read? If you hesitated for more than one my-crow second (the new time division everybody's Raven about) go back to page one of this issue and start again.

As Elmer Fudd might say: "Wet's go over to Vincent's house and we-wax a while."



Peter Lorre--The Lord High Minister of All That Is Sinister--as the brilliant surgeon Dr. Gogol from his first American film MAD LOVE. Young patient seems skeptical of Dr. Gogol's Intentions--"When I'm finished with you, you won't have a hair, I mean, care in the world."



Gene and Majel Roddenberry and a few friends celebrate the star for The Great Bird of the Universe on Hollywood's Walk of Fame.



MYSTERY LINES



How many of these quotations from classic fantastic films can you identify?

- "Listen, even the Moon's frightened of me...Frightened to death!"
- "The natives are restless tonight".
- "Those stupid, irresponsible bastards! They've finally done it!"
- "Another one of those new worlds. No beer, no women, no pool parlors."
- "I'm from Iowa. I only work in outer space."
- "For you, my friend, they are the angels of death."
- "There's no limit to what he could do. He could destroy the Earth."
- "The symptoms were striking. One by one, in spite of every safeguard, my companions were torn, literally, limb from limb!"
- "It's men like you that make it difficult for people to understand one another."
- Ah, you young people! Making the most of life...while it lasts!
- "What is this progress? What is the good of all this progress onward and onward?"
- "This is place of the dead. We're all dead here."
- "Professor, there's a big lizard up ahead and he's coming this way. Now get aboard!"
- "I'm going to give that brain of yours a new home. In the skull of the Frankenstein monster!"
- "I can't help you. But I will take care of you...as I took care of my own son."
- "Ah, ha! Wrong Religion!!!"
- "You'll have to fill me in. I'm afraid I'm not up on my sci-fi."
- "That...that's MY CAR!"
- "I never Metaluna Mutant I didn't like!"
- "Don't kill me, Master! I can't die with all that blood on my hands!"
- "But you must love me! I worship you!"
- "Follow the lead of nature...or of god, if you like your bible stories. Male and Female created he them."
- "Who dares disturb the sleep...of the vampire?!"
- "Have you ever seen Bela Lugosi in DRACULA? This is the ring he wore."

ANSWERS

- Charles Reins to Glorla Stuart in THE INVISIBLE MAN.
- Charles Laughton in THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS.
- Leo McKern to Edward Judd in THE OAT THE EARTHCAUGHT FIRE.
- Earl Holliman in FORGIBOON PLANET.
- William Shatner to Catherine Hicks in STAR TREK IV.
- Bela Lugosi to Joseph Cawthorn in WHITE ZOMBIE.
- Michael Rembo to Patricia Neal in THE OAT THE EARTH 57000 STILL.
- Walter Pidgeon to Leslie Nielsen in FORGIBOON PLANET.
- George Reeves to Luke Benson in SUPERMAN AND THE MOLE MEN.
- George Neeves to Luke Benson in SUPERMAN AND THE MOLE MEN.
11. Sir Cedric Hardwicke in THINGS TO COME.
- Bela Lugosi to Paul Hephworth in SON OF FRANKENSTEIN.
- James Franciscus in THE VALLEY OF GWANGI.
14. Boris Karloff in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
- Marta Quisenberry to Len Choney, Jr. in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN.
- George Hamilton to Richard Benjamin in LOVE AT FIRST BITE.
- Edward Judd in THE OAT THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE.
- Forrest J Ackerman in INNOCENT BLOOD.
- Forrest J Ackerman in FIA'S AMAZING WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY.
- Oswalt Frye to Bela Lugosi in ORACULA.
- Peter Lorre to Francis Orake in MAGO LOVE.
- Ernest Thesiger to Colin Clive in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN.
- Forrest J Ackerman to anyone who rings his doorbell.
- Forrest J Ackerman to any woman who will listen.

WANTED! MORE READERS LIKE



JIM KNUSCH
(AT THE TOMB OF PIONEER MOVIE-
MAKER GEORGES MELIES).

Continued from Page 7.....
monsters and monster movies. Being of the
age I am, I was unable to experience the
monster craze of the 60s. I still collect every
bit of monster memorabilia I can get my claws
on. I have a very strong collection of the
greatest monster mag out there...FAMOUS
MONSTERS! Toys, Puzzles, Gamas, Mod-
els and now that MCA Universal has released
the classic monsters in a new VHS format, I
have them all. I am still searching for the

remainder of my collection. - The GHOST OF
FRANKENSTEIN, REVENGE OF THE
CREATURE and HOUSE OF DRACULA. I
have something to say about the so-called
gore movies or splatter films. I am glad that
their heyday is over. Karloff was right when
he described his movies as terror films. These
blood baths are horror movies because they
are horribly revolting. The classic monsters
of the 30s and 40s had so much class and
terror! Maybe Hollywood will get the picture
and make more monster movies. Regardless
I will remain true to my genre. Finally, a
question for you, Uncle Forry. In the greatest
terror film of all, THE BRIDE OF FRANKEN-
STEIN, why was there a laver in the lab that
would blow them all to atoms? Here's to a
world of gods and monsters!

JOSEPH ANTHONY
HOUSTON, TX

* Joel! You are destined for immortality in
the Imagi-Nation, along with the boy who
saw the Spider Scare in King Kong! I am
not aware that in over 55 years any fan,
critic film historian anyone has ever asked
that obvious question! Yes what would an
easily accessible laver be doing out in the
open within the reach of anyone, waiting to
blow the lab to smithereens? I was tempted
to come up with some fictitious answers but
instead invite readers to submit their solu-
tion.

Got something to say to us? Send
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Book #6:
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**MONSTERS AND DIE-HARD FANOF
FANS TAKE NOTE:**
Forry Ackerman intro-
duced monster lovers to
Paul Davids in FM #27
(pg 41-49), when Paul
was a teenage producer
of Tim creature fea-
tures. He went on to be a winner of FM's
SIEGRID SIVES HETROPOLIS movie-mak-
ing contest. Later, he was a regular
writer for FJA's Monsterland.

FJA wrote the
intro to Paul &
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book The Fires
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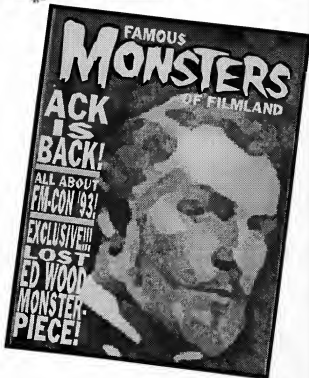
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